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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—June 21, 1975, 50 cents

The Secret Trial Of John Connally

Fred Graham

CIA Screw-Up—*John Osborne*

Disconsolate Detroit—*Michael Roberts*

CAB Fares—*Lincoln Caplan*

Hoving's Metropolitan—*Eleanor Munro*

Oil and Détente—*Morton H. Halperin*

TRB[®]

from Washington
June 21, 1975

Sour Notes

William Safire, who used to ghostwrite speeches for Spiro Agnew and now writes a column syndicated by *The New York Times*, explained the other day that Richard Nixon, the Misunderstood President, never did a lot of bad things that some of his predecessors (Democrats) allegedly did. For example "Nixon never used the FBI or CIA to spy on political opponents," says Safire.

We are avidly reading the six-part series on Nixon in *The New Yorker* by Jonathan Schell, which brings back, and almost makes believable, those days of "the lift of a driving dream," and we are reminded that just before the 1970 midterm election Agnew set off on a tour of the country, "in the company of several White House aides, including speechwriters Patrick Buchanan and William Safire." If you had served a Vice President who pleaded no contest to the charge of being a crook, and a President who chose to resign rather than be impeached, a note of bitterness might creep into your column too, now and then, defending old pals. Nobody is all bad. After all Hitler was nice to . . . Eva . . . Braun.

Just as we got to feeling warm and forgiving to the ex-President, under Safire's appeal, we ran across a passage in the Rockefeller commission's report on the CIA telling how the White House gang diddled Richard Helms, then CIA director. They wanted him to declassify sensitive files about Cuba and South Vietnam that they thought might be "helpful in neutralizing critics of the Administration's policies and particularly Senator Kennedy," who was regarded as Nixon's principal challenger. Helms was sticky about it and Nixon and Ehrlichman called him in and assured

him that they had no intention of releasing the documents—just needed them for negotiations with the Soviets. It was a lie; Helms wasn't told, says the report, "of the President's intention to use the information in these files for political purposes." The deception was "thoroughly reprehensible."

Then there is Theodore H. White's *Breach of Faith: the Fall of Richard Nixon* condensed in two parts in *Reader's Digest*. Teddy White is a special case; no presidential election is valid until he brings out his book about it, and he always eulogizes whoever wins; he takes a proprietary interest in winners. In 1968, starry-eyed, he discovered a "new Nixon." In 1972 he took Nixon at face value—a thoughtful, conservative patriot, he thought, only, alas, Watergate began to break while the book was still at press and he crammed in some last-minute, second thoughts, saying that he "would have cast Richard Nixon as one of the major Presidents of the twentieth century" until the scandal. Lucky that White's book came out; otherwise they would have had to hold a new election.

The difference between Teddy White and TRB is that while White first liked Nixon and then disliked him, TRB disliked him all along. What is pleasing about White is that he can make just as much money out of Nixon whether he rises or falls. Now White is in full flood and still yearns, like Safire, for his fallen idol. When Nixon brought the nation almost to anarchy by his invasion of Cambodia, he went, on the night of May 9, 1970, at 5 am with his valet to the Lincoln Memorial to talk at random with a group of students waiting for an antiwar demonstration that day. Schell's version is that "the young people were disconcerted" by his disconnected talk; White's sympathetic account is that he had "a warm and pleading conversation." Most accounts are that Nixon was near a nervous breakdown; that same night he had made 51 phone calls from 9 pm to 5 am. White dismisses the horrifying invasion of Cambodia merely as "the most successful American offensive of the entire Vietnam war." The military ignorance of this judgment is only equaled by its moral opacity.

Let's go on to a third sour note, now, about Gov. Meldrim Thomson, Jr. (R, NH), and his principal backer, pistol-packing publisher William Loeb (*Manchester Union-Leader*), and the latter's current soul-mate candidate for President, George Wallace. Gov. Thomson

has just come up with an arresting idea, that the New Hampshire national guard be equipped with nuclear weapons. "We would then have a tremendous protective power there," he said, according to the AP—just what for we don't know; maybe for crowd control.

New Hampshire's Democratic Sen. Tom McIntyre took out after the Loeb-Wallace-Thomson crew the other day in Concord, NH. "Make no mistake, my friends," he said, "the primitives, the demagogues are ready, willing and eager to provide simple answers, simple remedies and a bag full of scapegoats for every issue." He noted that Loeb editorially declares blacks genetically inferior, and "advocates saturation bombing for every problem." As to Wallace, the idea of him as President, he says, is "incredible and appalling." This was the man, he recalls, whose battle cry was "Segregation Forever!" who has in Alabama one of the most regressive tax systems, one of the lowest minimum wages, unemployment benefits and workmen's compensation plans, and one of the highest crime rates in the country. Just the other day, he notes, Wallace told 25 foreign journalists that the US was "fighting the wrong people, maybe, in World War II." McIntyre just can't take Wallace seriously.

We got to thinking about these things the other evening out back of the White House, sitting in a folding camp chair, waiting for President Ford. A vapor trail moved through the cirrus clouds as though somebody were drawing it with chalk and the sun sank, and the birds sang, and there was the fine old mansion that the British burnt, and piazza where I saw Franklin Roosevelt lifted up by Jimmy like a bag of potatoes to make his fourth inaugural speech, and the balcony Truman added—that spunky little man!—all half concealed by a giant magnolia. Geraniums and roses nodded at our crowd with somebody testing the sound system and the ululation of a distant ambulance, and planes rumbling down the Potomac.

Jerry Ford came in, broad shouldered with mild, large plain features, and we asked him questions. An attractive man. The funny thing was, in this lovely setting the subject was murder. Yes, the CIA assassination business; and what did he know, and when did he know it? How many foreign political opponents, we inquired, did the CIA contract with the Mafia to kill? The President wouldn't say—put us off.



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The Thin Red Line

"Redlining" has long been a code word among banks and savings and loan associations for the withholding of mortgage money from urban areas undergoing racial change. The term derives from the lenders' figuratively or literally redlining or red-penciling a local map and thus eliminating a neighborhood from consideration for loans. One result of redlining is to lower property values and encourage panic selling and the snapping up of properties by speculators. Redlining invariably takes place in areas that must be preserved if cities are to become decent places to live for blacks and whites. Until recently the financial community rejected the notion that redlining is widespread and is a pervasive, conscious practice; some lenders have even denied that redlining exists. Federal agencies charged with fair housing practices and civil rights laws are presumably aware of redlining but haven't filed a single suit or even formally asked a lender to stop the practice.

Recent activities by the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing (NCADH) and hearings by the Senate Banking Committee have illustrated that redlining is widespread and damaging to city neighborhoods. During the Senate hearings, chaired by Sen. William Proxmire (D, Wisc.), both industry and government witnesses steered away from using the term redlining, preferring to talk about "disinvestment," an Orwellian term meaning the same thing. The Proxmire hearings showed that redlining takes place under the very noses of authorities charged with implementing the fair housing and civil rights statutes: 90 percent of the mortgage loans made by savings and loans in the District of Columbia were made in the Maryland and Virginia suburbs and almost one-half of loans made within the District, which is predominantly black, went to upper-middle-class white neighborhoods. Even Sen. Jake Garn, (R, Utah), a Banking Committee member and a conservative, said after hearings that to deny the existence of redlining "is insulting my intelligence." Proxmire, in summary, said "perfectly sound neighborhoods in every major city in America are dying prematurely for lack of mortgage credit. We are wasting our most valuable housing resource—sound existing homes." To discourage redlining Proxmire's committee voted to require urban lenders to disclose publicly where they invest.

Local citizen groups and even city governments are far ahead of the

federal government in fighting redlining. NCADH is handling a redlining suit in Cincinnati where a white attorney wanted to buy a house in an integrated North Avondale area but was turned down by lenders. This case, as Douglas Crooks writes in a Public Citizen Tax Research Group publication, "could confirm an opinion by the general counsel of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board [the agency that supervises most savings and loans] which determined redlining can be a violation of federal civil rights legislation." The FHLBB opinion says lending institutions may be in violation of the law unless they can show "clear evidence that the practice is a matter of business necessity and that no less discriminatory means are available to assure sound lending." Meanwhile citizens groups in Chicago, Baltimore, Milwaukee, Boston, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Oakland, Detroit and Los Angeles have begun to act on their own to fight redlining and to protest practices such as requiring higher than usual down payments and charging of higher closing costs by lenders in old neighborhoods. The Citizen Action Program of Chicago was instrumental in passage of a city ordinance saying lenders bidding for Chicago city deposits must sign a pledge not to discriminate in lending policies on the basis of race, sex, ethnic origin or geographic area. The Chicago group undertook a door-to-door campaign to educate residents on redlining and to urge them to transfer their savings to savings and loans and banks that don't redline. These transfers of customer deposits have come to be called "greenlining." Crooks writes that in Boston the Jamaica Plain Community Council has persuaded citizens to switch deposits to banks that agree to earmark these monies to mortgage lending within the area; banks make quarterly reports to the council on the number and types of mortgage loans granted and the number and location of loans granted and refused. So far residents have invested \$500,000 in the project. Sam Brown, the young treasurer of Colorado, is also moving to deny banks that redline the benefit of deposits of state funds. If other states and municipalities take comparable action, the banks may be forced to change their behavior.

It probably is too much to expect the Ford administration to direct the Justice Department and Department of Housing and Urban Development to fight redlining and insist that lenders involved in federally subsidized and supervised loan programs live up to the law. But it is not too much to expect the 94th Congress to fully enact the sunshine law already approved by Proxmire's committee. The committee bill would require on a national scale what Chicago's ordinance does locally and what citizen groups are fighting for in other urban areas. Proxmire puts it well: "I have proposed a simple disclosure law that would give local citizens the right to know where their neighborhood banks and savings and loan associations are making their mortgage loans, and I would expect an informed citizenry to do the rest."

Plainclothesmen

In order to avoid charges that it was violating a 1973 law banning US military operations in and over Indochina, the Defense Department maintained that the crews flying the C-130 transports (that the air force loaned to the private contractor Birdair for the futile Cambodian airlift) were civilians, mostly reservists no longer on active duty. However a list of 74 Birdair crewmen just made available to inquiring congressmen by the office of the Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Security Assistance reveals that 16 of the men (including 10 officers) were still on active duty while flying the airlift or had been conveniently discharged from the air force just in time to join Birdair. Only three of the 16 were listed as being on "active reserve status," two of them since their discharge from the air force in February 1975, when the airlift was in its final phase.

The Pentagon, by assigning air force personnel to fly the Birdair airlift, violated the law against US participation in military operations over Indochina. The C-130s were delivering ammunition to Phnompenh or dropping it in the countryside in support of Cambodian forces in zones designated by the US command at bases in Thailand where the flights originated. By any definition these were military operations.

White House Watch

CIA Screw-Up

The Ford administration emerged in better shape than it deserved from the fantastic screw-up that preceded the release of the Rockefeller commission's report on "CIA activities within the United States." *The New York Times*, gloating over what it took to be confirmation of "the basic elements" in a *Times* story that appeared last December 22 and precipitated the Rockefeller inquiry and wider congressional investigations, editorially judged the commission report to be "a trenchant, factual and plain-spoken document" instead of "the whitewash that many critics had predicted." The hitherto skeptical *Washington Post* said the report "appears at first reading to be a full and reliable account." Unlike the *Times*, which denounced the President's decision to keep the commission's incomplete study of allegations that the CIA had plotted to assassinate some foreign leaders secret for awhile, the *Post* concluded that Mr. Ford's wish to leave to congressional committees headed by Democrats inquiries and findings that seem bound to reflect upon Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson "is reasonable." A report that finds the CIA guilty of frequent and gross abuses of its limited authority to operate within the United States certainly should not

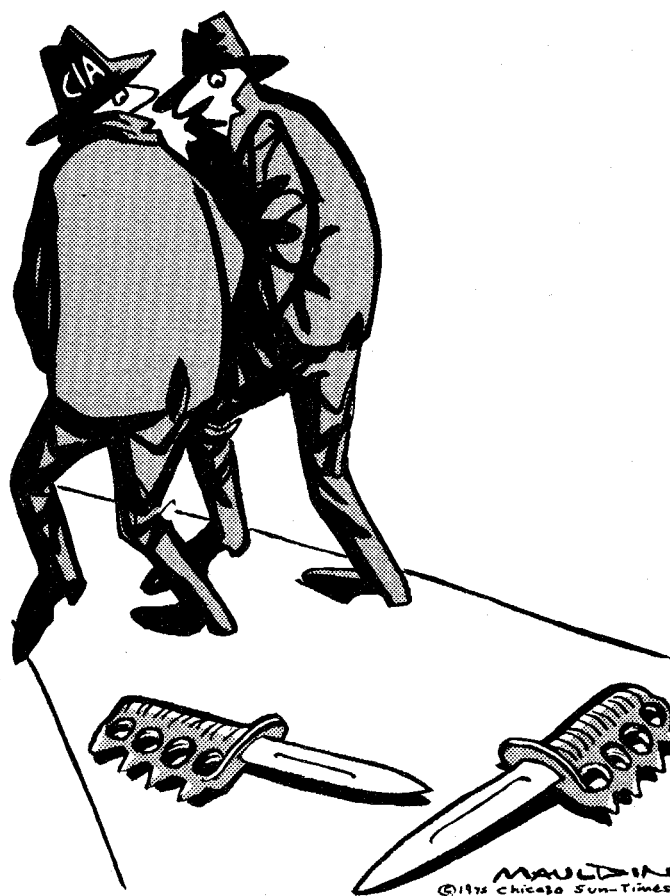
be scorned and dismissed as a whitewash. The commission's overall judgment that "the great majority of the CIA's domestic activities comply with its statutory authority" seems to me to be supported by the evidence set forth or summarized in the report. Beyond those observations, detailing and analysis of the commission findings are left to a contributor in this journal's next issue. My subject is the previously mentioned screw-up.

The beginnings go back to President Ford himself and to a view of the Rockefeller inquiry's proper scope and limitations that he expressed in deepest secrecy to a group of *New York Times* executives last January 16, just 12 days after he established the commission and formally limited its inquiry "to activities conducted within the United States by the Central Intelligence Agency." According to an account published in the *Times* after the Rockefeller report was released, the President's view was that "if the commission should wander into the foreign field, it would stumble upon all kinds of activities, including assassinations . . . There was nothing to be gained by opening the Pandora's box of assassinations. It would only lead to futile recriminations. Well-meaning people in the past had ordered activities that seemed right and proper at the time, but might seem wrong and improper in the light of new circumstances. The new generation should not pass judgment on the old. Those were the themes of President Ford's concern in January, after he had read the charges against the CIA [in the *Times*] and had a briefing on them from William E. Colby, director of Central Intelligence, a briefing that included some information on assassinations."

It may be argued that the origins of the screw-up, using the term to connote a colossal and continuing misunderstanding and underestimate of the problems raised for the administration by the *Times* and other allegations of CIA misbehavior, go back and beyond that occasion to December 22, when reporter Seymour Hersh's charge that the CIA had conducted a "massive, illegal domestic intelligence operation" appeared in the *Times* and President Ford flew from Washington to Vail, Colorado, for a winter vacation. Ford assistants in Vail differed over whether the Hersh report posed a serious problem. Staff chief Donald Rumsfeld was among those who had to be convinced that it did. The arguments, presumably reflecting the President's uncertainty, continued after Mr. Ford received an initial report from Director Colby. The doubts and differences in themselves are not to be sneered at and I'm in no position to sneer: I thought for a long while that Seymour Hersh had gone overboard and taken the *Times* with him. The relevant point is that the arguments around the President reflected a confusion, a capacity for inconsistency that became both acute and manifest in March when Mr. Ford, in contradiction of the view that he had emphatically expressed in January, either authorized or ordered the Rockefeller commis-

sion to investigate developing, published charges of CIA plotting to assassinate Fidel Castro and Dominican Republic dictator Rafael Trujillo, among others.

The Rockefeller report said that the President "concurred" in the commission's decision to look into these allegations. Roderick Hills, a White House attorney, said four times at a White House briefing, in slightly varying words, that "the President asked the Rockefeller commission to examine the allegations." The account obtained privately from Ford and Rockefeller assistants tends to support the commission version. It also throws considerable light on the relationships between the President and the Vice President and between the White House and Rockefeller staffs, including the commission staff. The impression at the White House is that David Belin, a Des Moines lawyer who was the commission's executive director and worked with Mr. Ford as an attorney when it investigated the Kennedy assassination, originally persuaded the CIA commission's chairman, Vice President Rockefeller, that the current assassination charges should be investigated, and made that aspect of the inquiry his personal chore. Throughout the commission's inquiry, from January 4 to the end of its deliberations in late May, Messrs. Ford and Rockefeller met at least once a week for a private talk when they were in Washington. It's assumed that the Vice



"Well, back to the old magnifying glasses."

President kept the President posted on the commission's secret proceedings and progress during these talks. But did he? Hugh Morrow, the Vice President's chief spokesman, knows of only one occasion when commission business was discussed. This was in March, when according to Morrow the Vice President told the President that it looked as if the commission was going to have to get into the assassination allegations and the President reluctantly agreed.

Before the commission was formed and Rockefeller was asked to be its chairman, the President and his staff chief, Donald Rumsfeld, made two decisions that had much to do with the subsequent screw-up. The first decision was that the White House staff should have as little as possible to do with the commission and its staff, lest the notion already abroad that the commission was merely a creature of the President and the administration be encouraged. The second decision was that the White House counsel's office, headed by Philip Buchen, rather than the National Security Council staff should handle what liaison there had to be with the commission. Because the 1947 National Security Act makes the CIA subject to NSC supervision, members of the NSC staff were bound to be interested parties in any investigation of the CIA. A result of these decisions was that to all effects there was no White House liaison with the commission and its staff until the commission began its inquiry into the allegations of CIA assassination plots. Even then the primary White House interest was not in the commission's conduct and progress. It was in getting and passing along commission materials and information to the special investigating committee headed by Senator Frank Church.

Three White House lawyers—Buchen, Roderick Hills and James Wilderotter—did this work. Hills did most of it. His relations with Belin, the commission's staff director, and with the Church committee and its staff got pretty rough at times. Hills felt that Belin was unduly slow in realizing that he and his small staff could not possibly complete the assassinations inquiry in time to meet Vice President Rockefeller's deadline of June 6, and even slower in conveying this and other essential information to Hills and, through him and Buchen, to the President. Near the end Belin demanded and got some material from NSC files and complained that he hadn't been given all he needed. When the Rockefeller report was released, Hills and Wilderotter were still combing through NSC files back to 1959, in the Eisenhower administration, both to satisfy Belin and to assemble the same material for the Church committee. In late May the committee staff strained Hills' patience with a demand for the complete files and transcripts of the Rockefeller hearings before the commission report had been completed and submitted to the President. Before tempers cooled, there was talk of making the committee subpoena the material.

Hills insists, and Rockefeller people agree, that it was

always intended to treat assassination as a matter separate from the commission's general inquiry and to report any findings about it separately. What was not intended until the very last was that the main commission report say nothing whatever about assassination except that evidence concerning the allegations was being submitted separately to the President. Hills and his White House colleagues feel that they were informed of this decision very late in the game. Hills said publicly that the White House staff learned of it only two weeks before the commission report was completed; privately, a few days before it was completed, Hills, Donald Rumsfeld and others involved at the White House acknowledge that they were extremely slow in comprehending the certain effect of the Rockefeller commission's failure to make the decision known as soon as it was reached. At Hills' fierce insistence, and after a hassle over language with the Vice President and his people, the commission announced the decision to skip assassination on Thursday night, June 5, hours before the report was submitted to the President the next day.

The cynicism generated by this mess was compounded by confusion, believable only because it occurred, over release of the report. As early as May 20, to my knowledge, Rockefeller was saying it was to be made available to the media on June 6, when it was to be delivered to the President, for publication on Sunday the 8th. He was still saying this on Monday, June 2, and Wednesday, June 4, without mentioning the decision to omit any findings about assassination and leaving an impression that in this and other respects the CIA had been found guilty only of marginal offenses. Here again Hills, Rumsfeld and others on the Ford staff acknowledge that they awoke with incredible slowness to the certain impact. The issue of when to release the report was put seriously to the President only on Friday morning, less than two hours before he received it. An assistant who was present recalls that Mr. Ford said, not in anger but with unusual emphasis: "I think I ought to have a chance to read it first." At his regular briefing afterward, Press Secretary Ron Nessen left an impression that the report might not be released at all. It was released, of course, after the President read it over the weekend and defended it at a press conference on Monday evening. It was easier to defend than the foul-ups that all but turned the release of a creditable report into a disaster.

The abrupt move of Rumsfeld, Hills and other Ford assistants into the situation after the President returned from Europe on June 4 created an impression that Mr. Ford's people had decided it was time to put down Rockefeller and show his people who was boss. Hugh Morrow, the Vice President's spokesman, was moved to say: "I don't feel put down and I'm certain that Nelson Rockefeller doesn't feel put down. If anybody at the White House thinks anybody around here needs to be reminded of who is boss—we *know* who's boss." After

June 6 they sure did.

Note: A poorly phrased "pool" report led me to report wrongly last week that during the President's Flight to Europe, staff chief Donald Rumsfeld "insisted upon

being identified only as 'a senior American official. . .'" Rumsfeld insisted only upon anonymity. Press Secretary Nessen and the pool reporters cooked up the identification.

John Osborne

The Secret Trial Of John Connally

by Fred Graham

Those who followed closely the recent bribery trial of former Secretary of the Treasury John Connally will undoubtedly be surprised to learn that the trial included:

- A charge that on March 23, 1971, Connally promised to place at former President Richard Nixon's discretion "a very substantial allocation of oil in Texas."
- A complaint by Connally's lawyer—the professed civil liberties advocate Edward Bennett Williams—about the predominantly black juries in the District of Columbia.
- A claim that milk lobbyist Jake Jacobsen once offered to give criminal evidence against former President Lyndon Johnson, but that Attorney General John Mitchell ordered his staff not to pursue the matter.

These items come as quite a surprise because they have not heretofore been reported in the press. Why? Because there were, in fact, two Connally trials—the one that took place in open court, closely covered by the press, and a secret trial that was held in the judge's chambers during breaks in the public proceedings. The transcripts of these secret hearings, which took place each morning before the courtroom trial began, have just been typed up and unsealed by the court. To read them is to become convinced that the trend toward secrecy in trials has progressed much farther than even close observers of the legal system had suspected—to the point that Chief Judge George L. Hart, Jr. was able to make several crucial rulings in the Connally case in secret, out of public view.

Judges hold judicial proceedings in secret purportedly to shield defendants from prejudicial publicity. But a study of the closed Connally hearings shows that once the veil of secrecy is pulled around a trial, it can be used

to conceal matters that have little to do with "free press-fair trial" issues. Furthermore, the Connally transcripts suggest that a shrewd defense lawyer can manage to take advantage of secret hearings to argue points and win advantages that he might not win in open court.

The groundwork was laid for the secret trial of John Connally on January 17, when Judge Hart granted Williams' request and ruled, over the Watergate special prosecutor's objection, that the jury would not be sequestered, that is, isolated from press reports during the trial. This decision was later cited as justification for holding arguments on disputed evidence in the secrecy of the judge's chambers.

The next step came in the judge's chambers on March 31, when Williams asked that a gag order be placed on the special prosecutor's office. Judge Hart observed that recent Supreme Court decisions have given the press "a license to lie . . . and they use it frequently." He ordered the prosecutor's office to cease all comment and later that day Special Prosecutor Henry S. Ruth, Jr. issued the following memorandum to his staff: "In response to Chief Judge Hart's command, I am conveying to you his Order that no member of this staff speak in any form or in any way to any member of the media about any aspect of the John Connally trial." The result was that the outside world had no way to know, as the public trial proceeded serenely, that the prosecution was taking a drubbing in key rulings made in the secrecy of Judge Hart's chambers. There is no indication in the unsealed record that the judge tilted unfairly toward Williams, or that any of the secret rulings could have changed the verdict of acquittal—but the record does show that Williams operated quite skillfully in the secrecy of Judge Hart's chambers.

Most important of the rulings was one concerning evidence offered by the prosecution suggesting that

Fred Graham is a CBS news correspondent, formerly with *The New York Times*.

Connally had once offered President Nixon a payoff in the form of Texas oil. It involved a White House tape in which Connally, Nixon and other officials agreed to raise the support price of milk. Then the others left and Connally and Nixon talked privately. The special prosecutor's transcript of that conversation has not been made public prior to this writing. Williams managed to persuade Judge Hart to keep it sealed. The transcript of the earlier part of that meeting was given to the jury.

According to the suppressed transcript, which was prepared by the special prosecutor's office from a barely intelligible tape, Connally and Nixon said the following:

Connally: "It's on my honor, to make sure that, that, there there's a very substantial allocation of oil in Texas that you, that that will be at your, at your discretion."

President: "Fine. . . ."

Connally: "Unless you want somebody else to do it. Somebody—"

President: "No. . . ."

At Williams' suggestion, this portion of the tape was not played until the end of the trial. The jurors at no point were provided a transcript that included the above quoted snippet of conversation. When that portion of the conversation *was* played, none of them appeared to make out what was being said—thus effectively eliminating the alleged payoff offer from the prosecution's case. Prosecutor Frank Turkheimer *was* permitted to ask Connally if he had ever offered Nixon "a very substantial allocation of oil in Texas." Connally said no—that they were discussing revenue sharing and he told Nixon "a substantial allocation of *taxes*" would be at his discretion. The jury didn't appear to get any of it.

In April, just before the jury was to be picked, the unsealed record shows that attorney Williams demanded that the trial be aborted and transferred to another city, because Williams thought too many of the prospective jurors were black. "If ever there was an affirmative action program it's needed for whites on the juries of the District of Columbia," Williams said. He added that in the past he had brought suits in the South, complaining of discrimination by all-white juries and "all you have to do is invert the adjectives and the same arguments obtain in this case."

Judge Hart refused to stop the trial, but he warned the prosecutors against challenging whites from the jury panel: "If we end up with an all-black jury, while I feel you will still get a fair trial, I think the repercussions throughout the country may be very adverse on the system of justice, which, of course, I would deplore. Therefore, I would request that counsel give very serious consideration not to striking any white people except for very good cause in their own mind; and for that matter, anybody else," he said. The three whites

called were not challenged.

During the public trial, Williams asked Jacobsen if it wasn't true that he had once offered to give testimony against Lyndon Johnson. Jacobsen denied it. Nothing more was heard publicly about this intriguing point. In the secret trial, Williams told Judge Hart that if the prosecution were allowed to challenge his assertion, he would back it up by subpoenaing former Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen and former Attorney General John Mitchell. Williams said they would testify that a Justice Department lawyer told Petersen that Jacobsen and his attorney made the offer of evidence against LBJ, that Petersen told Mitchell about it, and that the charge was "summarily dismissed as an inevident exploration." Judge Hart made it clear that he didn't want the LBJ sideshow performed at his trial.

What makes this secrecy particularly disturbing is that it all seems unnecessary. Anyone who observed the Connally jury—and the juries in the other Watergate cases—could see that they were intensely determined to decide fairly on the evidence. The acquittals of Connally, Kenneth Parkinson, Maurice Stans and John Mitchell in the Vesco case, Angela Davis, Bobby Seale and other defendants in celebrated trials are convincing evidence that juries are sophisticated enough to do this.

Yet almost every newsworthy trial these days brings some novel element of secrecy that creates another precedent for nondisclosure at the next big trial. Judge Hart still refuses to disclose the transcript of questions asked the jury during the selection process, or the identities of the Connally jurors—a step that may be unprecedented in American law.

The problem is that the Sixth Amendment specifically guarantees a public trial only to the defendant—not to the public. Thus when the defendant finds secrecy to his advantage, or is in no position to object when the judge invokes secrecy for his own purposes, the law doesn't provide a handy way for anybody else to object. In a few cases journalists have hired lawyers and have filed objections. But most newsmen don't like to become part of the story, so the drift toward secrecy continues—harming mostly the public and the legal system itself, which has enjoyed public confidence because it always before operated in the open.

Judge Hart quite cheerfully unsealed, at my request, most of the Connally secrets when the transcripts were typed up several weeks after the verdict. But a remark by him in the unsealed transcript shows how savvy judges can be about the fact that stale news is no news. The record discloses that during one of the secret hearings, Judge Hart was told that I had filed a demand under the Freedom of Information Act for the text of the gag order he had placed on the special prosecutor's staff. He instructed the prosecutors to delay complying for as long as the law allows—because, as Judge Hart put it, "if you put it off for the maximum length of time, I think the case will be over, and who cares?"

Exhausting the Possibilities Disconsolate Detroit

by Michael Roberts

Now that President Ford and the Shah of Iran are colluding to drive up the price of oil, quick and dramatic results can be expected. While some people in the predicting business at first estimated that the two-dollar-a-barrel tariff on imported oil would drive up the cost of gasoline at the pump by perhaps eight cents a gallon, Frank Zarb, the Federal Energy administrator, says it will be closer to 14 or 15 cents. If Zarb is right, a gallon of gas will, before long, fetch about 70 cents.

This news must be as welcome to American automakers as a massive recall. Detroit's inability—or unwillingness—so far to satisfy the rising consumer demand for economy cars has been given much of the credit for the domestic industry's prolonged slump. Things have gotten to the point where, according to *Business Week*, Detroit has "written off" the current model year. The last stab at a miracle is just a fading memory—it's been some weeks now since Joe Garagiola, the Chrysler rebate man, was seen joyously flailing the air with his straw boater. Chevrolet has tried to keep the mood upbeat by equating its product with the red, white and blue—an approach that only emphasizes the industry's failure to produce anything appealing to an economy-minded public. In general Detroit has been reduced to a strategy of giving notice that the 1976 models will combine higher prices with few improvements. Some potential buyers may be scared into acting now rather than waiting for something worse. But with gas prices rallying sharply, more may look abroad for a solution, and the President's efforts to reduce inflation and recession could be offset to some extent by an increased flow of dollars to foreign auto manufacturers.

For a growing portion of Detroit's losses are becoming Germany's and Japan's gains. Foreign car sales have been rising steadily, thus giving imports an increased share of a shrinking market. Their part of the business has been about 21 percent, a new high in recent months. Since the issue is clearly mileage, domestic manufacturers have announced their long-range intentions of matching foreign competitors subcompact for subcompact and rendering other models more efficient. General Motors', naturally, is the largest of these undertakings—estimated at eight to ten billion dollars. Ford, lamenting its relative poverty,

has committed about two billion dollars.

Nevertheless some observers of the industry think Detroit may have forfeited its influence on the automotive future. In a book-length, premature obituary published last year (*Paradise Lost: The Decline of the Auto-Industrial Age*), Emma Rothschild used phrases like "industrial inertia" and "decline and possible extinction." She asserted that automotive technology was no longer a growth area of American technology, and that the only advance seriously applied in this country since World War II was the Wankel engine, invented in Germany and first developed in Japan.

Rothschild's convictions about the mind-set in the Detroit boardrooms were affirmed just a few weeks ago, when Henry Ford II told *The Washington Post*, "I don't think the public wants [small cars] today . . . they're buying small cars, but they're buying big cars in a greater percentage than they are small cars, if you want to take out the imports." Of course if you want to take out the imports, you are left with nothing but big cars and the Detroit concept of what a small car should be, the ultimate example of which is a Cadillac two feet shorter, \$2000 more expensive and slightly less wasteful to operate (the "internationalized" Seville gets three miles a gallon more than American-sized models).

The industry has an unshakable belief that Americans consider a truly unimposing auto a sign of low economic status; that each family wishes to chart its upward mobility clearly for the neighbors' sake by choosing, each year or two, a vehicle gaudier than the last. Then there is the ghost of Alfred Sloan, which, as one learns in *Paradise Lost*, hovers over the development and marketing of Detroit's creations. Sloanism, formulated during the 1920s, is the theory under which a new car, equipped with all the extras, becomes obsolete in a year (if it has not already self-destructed). Sloan's goal was one new car or two per driver per year. So far adherence to this system has doomed every attempt to compete with foreigners, who are playing a different game.

Now the domestic manufacturers are pledged to try again, but there's a catch. Detroit keeps telling Americans they're entitled to either good mileage or good air but not both. Sensing that energy conservation now has a higher priority than healthy lungs, the industry claims it must temporarily abandon its emission control labors, and is asking Congress to wait at least five years before tightening standards. The

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campaign coincides with a public expression of skepticism by the Environmental Protection Agency, which said the manufacturers could have been trying harder to meet legislated goals. The EPA said the industry had not made "a maximum effort" to develop the technology to comply with the nitrogen-oxide standard Congress set for 1978. Because of the industry's opposition to the congressional demands, it "appears to have acted in the belief that it mightn't be required to meet the statutory nitrogen-oxide standard by 1978."

The accused denied everything. Lee A. Iacocca, president of Ford, explained his company's dilemma to the Senate air and water subcommittee: "... the mandate was given for an all-out effort [on emission control] that has commandeered the technical and financial resources of the auto industry ever since ... we just don't have the money it would take to get the fuel economy job done quickly and well and at the same time meet statutory emission standards." Ford added that even if his company were richer it would make no difference, since the same scientists and engineers were needed for both research areas. Failure to grant the five-year pause could mean the loss of 200,000 jobs in automaking and dependent industries.

Through this smokescreen Congress and others outside the industry have been trying to get at the facts about American auto technology and alternative transportation possibilities. There are 116 million private cars in the United States, not nearly enough according to Sloanist doctrine but nonetheless a staggering and seemingly unmanageable number. With sure instincts for a tangled issue, the Democratic Forum took on the question recently in Washington with a conference called "Developing a Rational Governmental Policy Toward the Private Automobile"—a contradiction in terms, judging by available evidence. "It's time we substitute horse sense for horsepower," Rep. Brock Adams, the keynote speaker, said. To the question asked often (notably by *The Wall Street Journal*)—"Where does the federal government get off, meddling and setting efficiency standards?"—Adams replied, "The government has been involved with the automobile for these 60 years," in highway building, zoning and countless other ways of encouraging the growth of the car industry while promoting the decay of other forms of transportation. Having posed the problems, he said he hoped the conference could think of some solutions.

In theory it might have. A position paper addressing itself to reducing gas consumption observed in fluent bureaucratese that "A significant reduction in automobile usage could contribute to the amelioration of these problems." The panelists, however, were divided as to what means might work and they were doubtful that any would. The exchange of gloom bore a startling similarity to a session some weeks earlier of the Senate energy research subcommittee, held to find out what, if

anything, American auto manufacturers could do to conserve energy and the environment simultaneously. No proposal was without a rebuttal.

Mass transit is a poor alternative, one engineering professor said, costing more and saving less fuel than potential improvements in the passenger car. On the other hand there's no evidence that a radically new power plant will come along to replace the conventional internal combustion engine. Putting the industry's limitations another way, Dr. James S. Kane, deputy assistant administrator of the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA), predicted that short term (until 1985) improvements will "principally result from things manufacturers already know how to do." Kane did, however, raise the subject of nonpetroleum fuel, specifically methanol, which might be able to make up for a lot of engineering ineptitude.

Methanol—wood alcohol—is derived from wood, coal and wastes. One of its advantages is that urban waste disposal could become urban fuel production. Cars can be modified to burn nothing but methanol, but methanol also can be mixed with ordinary gasoline in a standard engine—apparently to beneficial effect. *The National Observer* recently reported the research of Dr. Thomas B. Reed of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who had driven a 1969 Toyota and a 1974 Pinto—both unmodified—23,000 and 17,000 miles respectively on a 10 percent methanol blend. Reed found that fuel economy increased five to 13 percent, exhaust temperature decreased, carbon monoxide emissions decreased, acceleration increased and cold starting improved. But there won't be a mass switch to methanol in the near future, because, unlike gasoline, it is not mass produced.

The subcommittee was also introduced to the Citicar, described by its inventor, Robert Beaumont, as "the first serious attempt to produce marketable electric vehicles on a mass-production basis in history." Beaumont said, undoubtedly with some accuracy, "The world is eagerly awaiting a new form of personal transportation." This new form has a top speed of 35 miles an hour (it cannot be taken on interstate highways) and a range of 45 miles, and must spend one hour being recharged for every five miles it is driven. (Another electric car was unveiled recently in Washington, this one with a speed of 55 and a 70 to 75 mile range, but the developers have no plans to market it.)

With the prospects for drastic improvement so clearly limited, Congress doesn't seem to know what to do apart from the possible imposition of graduated penalties for cars failing to meet mileage standards made more stringent from year to year. For the moment the choice is between allowing Detroit to muddle along on its own and interfering without having an adequate alternative. Or as Brock Yates, an automotive journalist, told the Democratic Forum: "We're facing the problem of whether we want governmental chaos to replace private chaos."

Competitive Tips for the Airlines

CAB Fares

by Lincoln Caplan

Airlines try to woo customers away from each other with ads about "friendly skies" or "lasagna over Los Angeles." They push service because, under CAB regulations, their prices are all identical (except for a few carriers that operate only within a single state). That prices are the same from airline to airline does not mean they are not complicated. Indeed, thanks to CAB regulations, they are byzantine. A Senate subcommittee and an *ad hoc* group within the Ford administration have been assembling arguments in favor of deregulation, that is, giving the airlines a dose of free market competition. The CAB is under the gun, and knows it.

Harry Truman got rid of James Landis, the chairman of the CAB, in part because Landis had criticized the board's contradictory mission: to regulate *and* promote the growth of aviation. Landis wanted to do some revamping. Making the CAB over still remains to be done. With little fanfare, Sen. Edward Kennedy's subcommittee on administrative practice and procedure has, since last November, been investigating the board. Catalyzed by the Kennedy inquiry, representatives of the Council of Economic Advisers, the Departments of Transportation and Justice, and the Council of Wage and Price Stability have been meeting under the direction of the Office of Management and Budget since early winter to formulate a new administration airlines policy.

A draft of the Kennedy subcommittee report is being circulated for comments among participants in hearings that ended in March. The administration discussions should soon yield a separate proposal for legislation. The basic question that keeps coming up—would increased reliance on competitive market forces bring about cheaper, more efficient airline service?—has been answered with a near unanimous "yes," except at the CAB and among the major airlines.

The emphasis is on deregulation. As the draft of the subcommittee report puts it, the CAB should shift its focus from promoting the industry to serving the traveling public. If the CAB will not allow price competition, if it refuses to be more flexible about air routes (that is, let airlines fly, to a greater extent, where they want to fly), and if it is not less liberal about passing out antitrust exemptions, the draft Senate report recommends that Congress do all this legislatively.

The airlines argue that the system of regulation has

worked splendidly since 1938, while deregulation would bring unknown—and probably dreadful—results. A United Airlines executive testified that between 1964 and 1974, air fares went up 23 percent compared with a 59 percent increase in the Consumer Price Index. He noted that the fare between Rome and London, for instance (set by the International Air Transport Association) is more than twice the fare between Chicago and Denver, a flight of equal distance. What about the problems of handling traffic and baggage in a deregulated system? he wondered. Who would finance research and development, the building of new airports to accommodate the new competition? He predicted monopolies in the industry.

At Sen. Kennedy's request the Air Transport Association did a computer study of likely changes in domestic routes in a deregulated system. The study purportedly shows that more than 37 percent of scheduled routes between cities might be abandoned, especially service to small and medium-sized cities.

The airlines predict predatory pricing—where a large and economically healthy airline undercuts a competitor until the predator is left alone in the market—and wasteful and destructive competition—where the unregulated ups and downs of the market cause periodic grounding and selling of aircraft before a market upswing allows the purchase of costly new equipment. They argue, moreover, that the present system of "cross subsidy"—where lucrative long-haul flights subsidize less profitable but essential commuter flights—would end. As a final threat, they add that despite the fact that the Federal Aviation Administration and not the CAB has authority for safety regulation, safety standards would suffer.

Critics of the airlines and the CAB maintain that the mechanisms of regulation add 10 percent to airline fares and that service frills cost consumers an extra \$1-to-\$3.5 billion each year. Merton J. Peck, former member of the Council of Economic Advisers, said, "There is general consensus among economists that airline regulation is not economically efficient." The CAB is not a natural monopoly, like electric utilities or the phone company, where without regulation customers would be at the mercy of the companies. The air industry can support many firms of efficient size. That is why Delta and Continental are more profitable than the larger airlines and why United Airlines found it

more efficient to divide the company into three autonomous units.

But the only way carriers can now compete is to advertise the uniqueness of offered services—in flight movies and whatnot. The CAB's adherence to elaborate rate setting rules eliminates price competition, although the CAB contends lamely that carriers refuse to compete in price. In any case it's obvious that carriers diminish their profits and add to their costs by vying with one another on the basis of featured services.

Firily service is more than customers desire, at prices higher than are necessary. A "binge of industry wide price increases," as Ralph Nader called them, of 20 percent between December '73 and November '74 (15 percent increase in price and a phasing out of discount fares resulting in a further 5.4 percent increase) caused industry critics to tighten their arguments. So too did the realization that the board's complex rate practices are based on a 12 percent profit margin goal for the industry—a goal guaranteeing frequent price hikes. The industry has earned 12 percent, or more, only four times since World War II. In the 30 years prior to 1960, the airlines earned an average of 7.5 percent (about the same as the corporate sector as a whole).

Lockheed and Boeing show that the Lockheed L-1011 Tristar with an all-coach seating arrangement filled to 70 percent capacity—a 55 percent load factor is used in CAB planning—could transport a passenger cross-country at less than half the present one-way coach fare. Theodore Kheeler of the University of California states that with a 60 percent load factor fares could be reduced by almost a third and on short haul flights even more.

As for predatory pricing, a predator would have to be unusually strong to outlast and undercut competition, and in a truly competitive market that would be unlikely. Indeed predatory practices are more common in a regulated scheme. Monopolies might develop in separate markets, with one or two carriers working a route, but no monopolies would develop over the entire domestic market. Even those sympathetic to the airlines claim that "cross subsidy" does not exist to a significant extent. Little extra revenue spills over from long haul flights since service costs eat up possible

profit. Moreover lucrative long haul markets are not served by the same carriers that operate on commuter routes.

The ATA study about service cancellation in a competitive scheme has been faulted. James C. Miller, 3rd, senior staff economist with CEA, wrote that the ATA "model is incapable of simulating competition and certainly not capable of simulating the system under deregulation." He says that fewer than 50 city-to-city routes would be eliminated out of 59,000 now flown.

The success of air service within California and Texas, unregulated by the CAB because the carriers fly only intrastate, provides a handy example to proponents of deregulation. Fares on intrastate routes are one-half to two-thirds as high as those on comparable routes elsewhere. The San Francisco-Los Angeles flight, for instance, costs half the fare from Chicago to Minneapolis—the routes are of equal length—and less than half the Boston-Washington, DC fare, a route about the same length. The CAB proposes that weather conditions and traffic density explain differences in price and insists that California is a "special case." The FAA says that weather conditions do not explain much. Weather causes delays or cancellations less than one percent of the time at the airports of Boston, Washington, DC and New York that are said to suffer worse weather than California does. Traffic density is not a great factor either. On the LA-Sacramento route there are the same number of passengers as on the Boston-Washington, DC route; the latter fares are more than twice the former.

Special explanations do exist for the success of the California and Texas airlines. They fill their planes with more passengers (PSA, a California carrier, puts 158 seats in its B727/30, while American Airlines has 121; PSA flies, on the average, with 60 percent of its seats occupied—that is, 95 paying customers—while American flies 55 percent full and with 66 paying customers). The intrastate carriers use equipment longer (an average of 17 years for the California carriers, 14 for CAB airlines), and their labor productivity is higher. The CAB suggests that the California and Texas lines skim the cream of the market by only operating on well traveled routes. Lamar Muse, head of Southwest Airlines in Texas, says the intrastate lines practice milk dipping instead. They lower prices so that travelers who might otherwise take a bus or train can afford to fly, thus swelling the passenger ranks.

Congressional and executive concern about airlines and CAB practices has affected the CAB already. The "no frills" fare approved in the spring for East Coast flights would not have been passed by the board had it not been for the Kennedy hearings, according to people at DOT, at the CAB and on the subcommittee. An unofficial moratorium on route hearings was officially ended by the acting chairman of the board in response to Kennedy's questioning. Although the statute granting authority to the CAB guarantees a hearing to

COMING: Morton H. Halperin's
analysis of the Rockefeller
commission report
on the CIA

applicants for air routes, the board managed to circumvent guidelines for the past five years. Its treatment of World Airways was egregious. In 1967 World applied for permission to fly passengers coast to coast for half the going rate. The CAB did not dismiss the petition, nor did it grant a hearing; either way the board would have been forced to face World head on. Instead the board shelved the application or conveniently lost it. When the CAB reconsidered the petition in 1973, it ruled that World's proposal was stale and denied the route. World refiled the proposal in April and the board has yet to act.

In July 1971 the CAB approved agreements among TWA, American and United that reduced service almost 30 percent to four major transcontinental markets. These capacity restriction agreements were ruled unlawful in October 1974 (pending inquiry) although by then the airline rationalized similar curtailing of service in terms of fuel saving, a factor only half as important as the airlines contend. The airlines pleaded that they did not dare cut back service unless the competition did too. The subcommittee staff counters that passengers were forced to pay the same fares in restricted service areas that passengers paid elsewhere for more frequent and less full flights. If antitrust laws are to be flouted by such agreements or if the carriers are granted antitrust immunity, steps need to be taken to guarantee that the board and the public know what's going on. Pressure from Kennedy led to a decision for a hearing on capacity restriction agreements.

Two board members dissented from the approval of the agreements, Joseph Minetti and Lee West. Although West had no background in aviation and was supposedly "astonished to have been chosen" for the CAB, Minetti and West may be joined in a new majority on the five-member board by the new chairman John Robson, formerly a DOT official under President Johnson. He has kept his cards close to his chest since joining the board in April but on the Hill and in executive agencies Robson has been touted as independent, public-spirited and able. No scandal or controversy has yet touched Robson like his predecessor, and still board member, Robert Timm. The Department of Justice is investigating contradictory testimony by Timm and Richard O'Melia. In 1973 the board's bureau of enforcement, then led by O'Melia, investigated the possibility of unlawful contributions to political campaigns by 34 airlines. O'Melia alleges that Timm sent him a note via Thomas Heye, counsel to the board, instructing him to close the inquiry. Timm denies sending the note. The bureau of enforcement's study was incomplete and, in the view of the subcommittee staff, there is a likelihood of improper and possibly criminal behavior on the part of board members. The staff learned of the incomplete investigation from a suicide note left by William Gingery, who was O'Melia's successor as head of the bureau of enforcement. Gingery killed himself this year.

There are other stirrings of change at the CAB. The board has withdrawn minimum charter fares and rules that were under fire and has outlined a liberalized charter policy. The CAB has called for industry and public submission of ideas to ensure that the consumer receives simplified data on fares. Even before Kennedy's hearings began—in anticipation of them—the board upgraded the ineffectual office of the consumer advocate to bureau status.

Consumer woes are legion among travelers. Estimates are that half or even two-thirds of air travelers have paid too much for their flights. When the bicentennial fares went into effect in January, giving a 20 to 25 percent discount, full fare ticket holders who purchased before the approval of the new fares were not told that they were entitled to refunds.

An American Airlines training manual instructs, "American's basic sales policy is to sell the highest price product that the customer is willing to buy to obtain the service he prefers." TWA has taught its sales agents to lie to customers, to worry them into buying tickets as early as possible for a trip; the agents are taught how to tell customers that only a few seats remain on a flight when the plane may really be almost empty. Allegheny Airlines, in the past, has told its employees to give VIP care to CAB officials en route—recognize them by name, introduce them to the stewardesses and not to lose their luggage. The upgrading of the consumer advocate office may signal a loosening of purse strings for follow-up on complaints. Last year Chairman Timm's travel expenses around the globe, with numerous journeys for engagements in Washington state, his home territory, came to more than the travel budget for the office of consumer advocate.

The statutory guidelines for the CAB are broad, even permissive, and some people believe that the board has all the power it needs to encourage a competitive scheme without new legislation. In administration discussions a squabble between the "do-nothings" and the "crazies" reflects the ongoing debate about whether to seek change through existing authority or new legislation. In fact the differences between the camps are not great and a move toward deregulation in moderate stages will probably find general support as it has in the Kennedy draft report. The CAB may bend in the winds of change but firm new guidelines for the CAB to ensure responsible, coherent and consistent action are needed. When the spotlight is no longer on the board, future members may need statutory reminders of their duty to serve the traveling public. The Kennedy subcommittee is not the only one concerned with the airlines on the Hill. Sen. Howard Cannon's subcommittee on aviation has held hearings regularly during the past four years on airline practices and the committee promises to hold hearings on the administration bill just as soon as there is one.

Big Pigs, Little Pigs

Fred Harris: The Oklahoma Preacher

by Paul R. Wieck

Folksy stories are a staple of Fred Harris' "populist" pitch, none more revealing of his celebration of the common sense of the average guy and the undertone of contempt he has for the pretensions of academic elitists than a parable he's borrowed from an Alabama professor about a hog farm. It seems the big hogs were in the trough, slopping up all the feed. The little pigs couldn't get near it. The father was schooled in the classical theories (read conservative) of hog raising, the son in the Keynesian theories (that is, liberal). Neither theory took into account big hogs in the trough. The hired hand didn't have any book learnin' but was in charge of sloppin' the hogs. The father told the hired hand not to pour so much feed in the trough so it wouldn't run over and get wasted. Some little pigs who couldn't get in the trough would go hungry and maybe die and that was a shame but there wasn't anything to be done about it. The son told him to slop in more feed so it would run over and the little pigs would get some. Waste a lot of feed and that was a shame but at least the little pigs wouldn't die. All the while, the hired hand could see that the problem was the big hogs were in the trough. And that, Harris tells people at countless coffees in plush suburban living rooms, church basements in the inner city, university settings, working class districts and farm areas, is the solution to the country's woes—"get the big hogs out of the trough."

It's Harris' brand of "new populism" at its simplest, a purer version of a creed perverted at the grass roots through the years by politicians' racial and ethnic appeals. It's an effort to span race and class barriers and bring a majority coalition together at the grass roots by preaching pure economic self-interest. It strikes a responsive chord in the spring of 1975 with lots of people weary of trying to cope with the complexities of "bigness," both in government and business; suspicious of those bright and talented products of the best schools who were at the helm when we were grounded in Vietnam; worried by inflation and the inability (or unwillingness) of a business-oriented administration to check price gouging and unprincipled speculators; terrified by the long lines of job-seekers whose misfortune is a visible threat to their own peace-of-mind. Out there, millions know something has gone wrong and they're looking for an answer. At 44, Harris is sure he's found one that they'll buy buried in our own political history.

Harris fits into the role with ease. He often lapses into the colloquialism of his Oklahoma boyhood, drawling out a "sur' 'nuf" as he sits or stands in a typical living room, drinking from bottle after bottle of beer if the host and hostess have been able to stretch the family budget far enough to offer more than coffee and cookies. His dark, loose-fitting, pin-striped suits set off both a paunch around the middle and a heavy stand of straight, dark hair parted in the middle and combed back. His restless energy can transform his strong voice into a bombastic, even spellbinding pitch and style if the audience is large enough, as it was at the Democratic State Central Committee meeting in Sacramento, California, where he stilled a restless, noisy crowd of a thousand or so with a short, fervent speech. It's a style reminiscent of the evangelists in his Baptist upbringing, a resemblance not missed by many who've shared similar backgrounds and will tell you they "sure like that Oklahoma preacher." He often leaves his audiences hyped up, eager to sign the little white cards he and his aides pass out by the thousands.

Harris didn't arrive where he is on the political spectrum today by walking a straight line off the Oklahoma plains where he was born in 1930 just in time to experience the "dust bowl." His father, who could not shake the horror of those years to the day he died at 65 last year, did what countless thousands of "Okies" did. But the Harrises didn't join the exodus to California so sensitively recorded by John Steinbeck. Instead they went with another migrant stream, following the cotton and wheat harvests up and down the Great Plains from Texas to Canada.

Harris talks a lot about his father these days, how the "old man" used to tell him the trouble with this country was too few people had too much power and money. The son rejected it then, possibly as the excuse of a defeated man for his own failures. Harris had something else in mind for himself, to get on that ladder of "upward mobility" and climb as far as he could.

He graduated from high school in Walters, Oklahoma (population 2611), and at 19, after his freshman year at the state's university, married LaDonna Crawford, a beautiful Comanche girl just out of high school. They set up housekeeping in Norman, Oklahoma, and both worked to put Fred through college, first with a B.A. and a Phi Beta Kappa key in 1952, then through law school "with distinction." They returned to Lawton, site of Ft. Sill in southwestern Oklahoma.

and the closest "big city" to their hometowns, and Fred hung up his shingle. By 1956 he'd been elected to the state senate, and in 1962, at 32, made his first statewide bid for governor, running a respectable race and putting himself in strong position to run again.

That's where he was on the ladder in 1963, a 33-year-old state senator in his second term with a good prospect of being the next governor, when Sen. Robert S. Kerr (D, Okla.), invincible at home and powerful in Washington, died. His sudden death threw the intricate, highly personalized politics of what was still a one-party state out of kilter. At first it had little effect on Harris' future plans. Gov. J. Howard Edmondson (D), a lame duck, named himself to the vacant seat, arousing the enmity of the Kerr family and friends who thought "young Bob Kerr" should get his papa's seat. Young Kerr began the long, arduous business of campaigning for it and so did former Gov. Raymond Gary (D), an intraparty foe of both the Kerrs and the Edmondsons. It looked like a humdinger of a race building up.

Harris recalls the day his plans changed. He and LaDonna were in a hotel room with his roommate from the legislature when two young men who were backers of "young Bob Kerr" called. They wanted to talk. It was urgent. All three in the hotel room guessed what it was about—that Kerr had found he didn't have the stomach for a Senate race. As he left, LaDonna said "don't let them talk you into it." He told her not to worry but came back, hours later, with a simple question on his lips: "Why not?" He won the argument in the hotel room that night and, before Kerr made his drop-out public, had lined up a lot of key Kerr people around the state, becoming the family's candidate against two intraparty foes they despised. He won a tough primary and inched by Bud Wilkinson, Oklahoma University's popular football coach, in the LBJ landslide of 1964. Two years later, Harris barely slipped past a weak opponent for a full term.

His break with his sponsors and their powerful friend in the White House came early in that full term and the deterioration was steady after that. He recalls some of the high points. LBJ put him on the Kerner Commission to probe urban rioting, thinking a Kerr man from Oklahoma would be a friend; however Harris quickly teamed with New York's John Lindsay behind the closed doors. LBJ got wind of it. At a White House reception about that time, LBJ greeted him with these words: "Fred, I'm surprised to see you up. From what I heard, John Lindsay had you on the floor with his foot on your neck." Harris joined in a report that spoke of a "divided nation," a report LBJ declined to grace with a public comment, complaining the commission failed to note the "Great Society" programs he had initiated. Next he joined Sen. Robert F. Kennedy (D, NY), in a last-ditch fight on the Senate floor against the plan of Chairman Wilbur D. Mills and the House Ways and Means Committee to put a ceiling on the number of

people who could receive Aid for Dependent Children (AFDC) help.

As he moved up the ladder, his social life thrived. He was seen in the company of the Kennedys, still another fact that didn't escape the notice of LBJ, who sent word through Oklahoma friends that he could "do a lot for you" if Harris would just stay away from those Kennedys. Harris recalls the time he and LaDonna were visiting Bobby and Ethel at Hyannisport when the phone rang during dinner. It was LBJ calling for Fred. He doesn't recall what the President wanted to talk about but says "we always figured he called just to let us know he knew we were there."

Still, Harris didn't make the complete break others did in 1967 and 1968 when debate flamed over Vietnam, creating an upheaval in the Democratic party. Some who knew him well in those days say he was ready to hop on the Kennedy bandwagon that spring

Ending a No-Win Situation

Try the 30-second pick-a-President test. Focus your imagination on each of the conceivable Democratic presidential candidates, announced and yet to declare, one after the other. As to each you will conclude: "He won't be nominated." And then, as a second thought: "He can't beat Ford." Then push from your mind everything but thoughts of Mr. Ford. You may then respond: "The people will never confirm his appointment."

If Ford can't win and no particular Democrat can beat him, who will save the Republic? There is an answer. The Democrats should cancel their convention. (This may happen anyway. Los Angeles hasn't enough hotel rooms, and bankrupt New York's pledge of one million dollars isn't worth the paper it's written on.) They should decline to nominate a candidate. Instead they should enter the election in another way. In each state they should name electors. Some might be pledged to presidential hopefuls, others not. These Democratic slates would trounce Ford electors. Then, before the electoral college gatherings in December (since they take place in the 50 state capitals, remote television coverage would resemble the BBC's election night switching back and forth among 630 parliamentary locations), there would be competition, demonstrations, negotiation, conciliation. It would be great fun, and would produce a perfectly satisfactory Democratic President elected by the college—a President quite as qualified as any possible nominee of a deadlocked and divisive convention.

Lance Liebman

Mr. Liebman teaches at the Harvard Law School.

but was called back home by the Kerr people who told him the jig was up if he did that, so he returned to Washington and signed on with Humphrey. I asked Harris about it but he doesn't remember anything of the sort. He says he was a Humphrey man all along, that he had breakfast with HHH the day after LBJ dropped out and offered to back him because Hubert was better "on the economic issues." He started making noises against the war in the summer of 1968 and worked behind the scenes at the convention for a Humphrey-endorsed peace plank. (He cochaired with Walter Mondale Humphrey's bid for the nomination.) At Chicago he had high hopes of being picked to run with Humphrey. Those covering him said he was devastated when Humphrey passed him over. After the election Humphrey gave him a consolation prize—the party's national chairmanship. He promptly raised his sights for 1972—to the top rung on the ladder, prompting some who know him from way back to make snide comments like "he doesn't have a firm grip on one rung before he's reaching for another."

By 1971 Harris had settled in as part of the Senate's liberal-left bloc—on Vietnam, the SST and a whole range of economic, environmental and foreign policy issues—while Oklahoma had become fierce Nixon country. His seat was up in 1972 and he faced a primary challenge from Rep. Ed Edmondson (D), popular brother of the man Harris unseated in 1964. If he survived that vendetta, he still had GOP Gov. Dewey Bartlett to deal with in the fall. Harris opted to skip what was doubtless a hopeless fight back home and go for the presidency instead. I asked him if he had concluded he couldn't hold his seat. "No," he said, "but LaDonna and I would have had to spend a solid year back there going from town to town and we decided we could have more impact in the presidential race." Today old friends back home who were stoning him in 1971 are telling him they were "wrong" and he has hopes of getting a good share of that state's delegation, although not as a favorite son.

Harris had become friendly with the new breed of "populists" who flourished in the aftermath of 1968, among them Jim Hightower, a young Texan from Ralph Yarborough's staff who'd founded the Agribusiness Accountability Project in 1970. Hightower went to him for help in Harris' last years in the Senate and says he found him a man who would listen and then say "let's do it." He liked a man willing to act, says "our side doesn't have enough fighters. We have too many academic types." Today he's managing Harris' campaign. Others found this same propensity to act on instinct a bit disquieting, say he didn't follow through.

Despite his new friends, Harris took the conventional route in the crowded 1972 presidential race. He went around the country doing media events, voicing many "populist" views, but aiming at a showing in the opinion polls. It didn't work and his chief money raiser, New

York investment banker Herb Allen, told him in the fall of 1971 he couldn't raise the money. It was a second devastating blow to Harris' hopes, one that burned a realization of the power of money into his soul. "Big money," if it didn't own the ladder, controlled the traffic, especially on the top rungs. It was too late to switch back to the Senate race. Political types wrote him off as a man who couldn't make it back home, and had failed miserably in his attempt to bypass Oklahoma by going for the top job.

He went into full-time "populism" after that, teaching a course at American University, writing books on the subject and organizing a group called "New Populist Action" with offices in a second-floor walk-up office on Pennsylvania Avenue, a hot, ill-furnished suite of rooms. His specialty was tax reform. He was always available to help his fellow "populists" around the country in their special projects, building up a cadre of followers, for example in Colorado, where he pitched in to help oppose the winter Olympics in 1972. Today his backers there include populist-oriented activists such as State Treasurer Sam Brown.

He dropped out of the "liberal" social circles he had frequented during his days as a rising star in the Senate, slipped a bit more into the life-style of his youth and discovered he wasn't all that comfortable with "liberals" anyway. He was comfortable with working men and farmers.

He'd failed by the conventional route in 1971 but he was still as restless, as hungry for power as ever. In 1976 he wanted to zero in on "privilege," "elitism," "bigness" and "concentrated corporate power," all of which would discourage a lot of big givers. Besides, Congress enacted a campaign finance law with a matching-fund proviso, giving the rank-and-file a bigger role.

To spread his message, he decided to "live off the land," to forego the trappings of candidates traveling with an entourage of aides and reporters, living in hotels. He'd have to stay with his backers. It isn't as bleak as it might sound; in fact, I found it a warm experience in Wisconsin where, as the only reporter along for the weekend, I was given the spare room in the suburban home of a couple (both teachers) who had the last party of the evening. They were charmed at a chance to put up the candidate; in fact, there was a waiting list of others anxious to take him off their hands if need be.

How it will work once the campaign gets into full swing is another question. If it comes to that, a few dozen reporters may have to shift for themselves, stripped of all they've come to expect—someone to handle their luggage, pre-registration in hotels, special press rooms with phones, news releases and helpful press aides and, of course, the all-important chartered bus to take them from place to place. But Hightower says the Harris camp is seriously thinking of no-frill

(continued on page 18)

McCarthyisms

Neither party anticipated our current economic distress. Influenced by false optimism, the parties took no action. In the 1950s and 1960s the country over-consumed food, over-consumed transportation and fuel, over-consumed money and credit, and became the most over-defended country in the history of the world. The result is a rather clear and dangerous demonstration of what Albert Schweitzer warned against as an inevitable consequence when a people fails to "foresee or forestall. . . ."

The Constitution of the United States gives only a few lines to declaration of purpose; but for page after page it deals with procedures and institutional protections and safeguards. We are quick to declare that ours is a government of laws and not of men. But we are rather careless about preventing the personalization of government, especially in the office of the presidency, and about safeguarding and clarifying our legal and institutional protections. . . .

Watergate should not have been a total surprise. Mr. Nixon was nearly right when he said that he was responsible for it but that everyone else was to blame. He would have been closer to the truth, and more exact in his use of language, if he had said that he was to blame but that many shared responsibility. For over the years we had relaxed our standards of integrity and of truth—not only in government, but especially in political campaigns. . . .

In the 1950s and again in the 1960s, some members of Congress attempted to bring the CIA under effective supervision. The effort received little support either in the Congress or outside of it. The general attitude seemed to be: "Who cares if what it does is illegal or unconstitutional, as long as its efforts are successful?" Recently the agency has not been so successful. Congress is now showing great concern while discovering either what it knew or what it should have expected to find. . . .

A democracy cannot isolate its methods into separate categories, one set for overseas and for dealing with foreigners and another for domestic use. Inevitably the bad methods are brought home and tend to supplant the good. When the Canine

Corps was disbanded and its dogs were released after World War II, they were reconditioned for civilian life. The same has not been done for former CIA members. . . .

In the Kennedy administration the office was personalized, first in style and later in substance. President Johnson progressively used the possessive pronoun "my" about more and more persons and institutions of government—from "my cabinet" to "my helicopters." Whereas he appointed able persons to high positions, his disposition was to use them for purposes other than those for which they had been appointed.

President Nixon carried the personalization of the office a step farther. Early in his administration he began to use the plural "we" without specifying who was included. (Mark Twain wrote that no one has a right to use the indefinite "we," except the King of England, the Pope and a man with a tapeworm.) More serious than the language use, but suggested by it, was the progressive exclusion of cabinet members from policymaking and the transfer of that function to members of the White House staff. Finally, in the complex of actions called Watergate, there was an assumption that the President was above the law and that he could use almost any agency of government for his own political purposes.

President Ford has not shown any disposition to change the trend toward personalization of the presidency. When asked last fall whether there would be a code of ethics for his administration, he replied that his example would be the guide. I might note that even Moses, when he came down from the mountain, had specific recommendations—carrying an endorsement other than his own. . . .

It might be a good idea to plough under the rose garden and replace it with a patch of humble squash and cabbages. Presidents seem to find it easy to declare war, or near-war, while standing in the rose garden. A President in a cabbage patch might have a better perspective on his role in history. . . .

Eugene McCarthy, independent candidate for the presidency in 1976, made the remarks excerpted here in a speech June 3 at the National Press Club in Washington, DC.

service. It could be more of a test of the integrity of the press than anything else.

With no budget, headquarters were set up in Harris' two-story brick home in a posh section of suburban McLean, Virginia, just a stone's throw from the large white house where Ethel Kennedy and her brood live; it's an old "New Frontier" encampment. Dozens of volunteers and staff flock there, lining the narrow street with their cars, using desks and phones set up in the living room, dining room, den, basement, even the kitchen. Harris himself has to use his kitchen as an office when, rarely, he's home. To pay for travel, his scheduler looks for an honorarium. The weekend in Wisconsin was paid by a \$650 speaking fee (plus expenses) from the state's social studies teachers, who were holding their convention.

Fred Harris' message, as he delivers it at countless coffees, is oversimplified, repetitive and takes dead aim at the resentments smoldering in millions of minds. He's learned the catch-phrases well and has splendid timing in delivering them but he also leaves a lot of questions unanswered.

Basically the line is this: Turn the country back to the people by breaking up the corporate power structure (tax reform and antitrust actions, which can consume years and years); relieve the elitist "preppies" from "Choate and Groton" of their control over foreign policy; and give everyone a "fair chance."

He comes down strong for the "work ethic," saying he and LaDonna have always worked for a living and insisting "people don't want charity done to them, they just want what's right." What's right, in Harris' view, is a job. He talks about 100 million jobs, 92 million in the private sector and the remainder public employment. It's not a new idea. A lot of people with power have been trying to get it done and talked of many of the same things, including the inventory of jobs that need to be done in the public sector Harris says he would set up. He promises anyone would be able to walk into the "employment office" and ask for his job. He promises child-care centers. Jobs are his anti-crime program.

There may be nothing wrong with Harris' sentiments, but how is it all to be implemented? What happens to the ghetto resident who doesn't have a way to get to the job, who lacks the skills to hold down the kind of work that ordinarily pays enough to support a family? Harris isn't unaware of the complexities but his simplified message doesn't go into much detail.

He places great stress on "competition" in business and cites a study that says prices would tumble 20 percent if "real" competition were restored. Like many, he's lost faith in government regulation and is ready to sack the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) and the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC), "the Pennsylvania [Penn Central] railroad should be allowed to go bankrupt," he shouts. A little, or a lot, of competition would help, of course. Certainly, the men who

mismanaged the Penn Central shouldn't be bailed out by the taxpayers but, once it went bankrupt, who would move the freight in the Eastern Corridor, to say nothing of passengers? At what point does competition result in those who survive gobbling up those who fail when there are no restraints, not even the time-consuming and often self-defeating hearings of ICC?

Then there's the cost of paying for the various programs Harris suggests at a time of declining productivity, rising deficits, balance of payments problems, etc. Tax reform is his answer. Plus jobs to stimulate the economy. He pounds away at tax loopholes, talks about "getting the rich off welfare" and gets just a little loose with his facts when he says a study by the Joint Economic Committee shows \$94 billion in potential taxes is being pulled through loopholes every year by the "oil, timber and railroad" interests. If someone asks who's going to pay for his programs, some alert person nearby always remembers the \$94 billion. Alas, it's not quite accurate. That figure includes all the deductions, the bulk of them claimed by hard-pressed middle income taxpayers in their own write-offs for mortgage and interest payments, charitable deductions and medical expenses, etc. In short, his audiences would be paying for it if he's counting on that \$94 billion and few of his listeners would call that "taking the rich off welfare."

It's not surprising a few simplified slogans arouse the resentment of hard-pressed middle class people today. They feel they can't afford to pay for the poor while being exploited in a hundred ways by the corporate world. Harris seems to offer the promise of something more than just another government program conceived by people who haven't ever had to do much penny-pinching. The plight of the middle class today is analogous to the economic conditions that sparked the populist revolt in the late 1880s and early '90s. It was concentrated originally in the Great Plains (Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas) and parts of neighboring states settled after the Civil War. Eastern speculative money flowed in to build railroads, hotels, opera houses, farmsteads. The area was overbuilt; its productive resources couldn't handle the mortgage load. A couple of bad years caused the whole structure to collapse and the political system, tightly controlled by corporate interests, particularly banks and railroads, offered no relief. Today's middle class has moved to the suburbs, where families took on the biggest mortgage they could handle and then found their tax load increased annually to build schools, hospitals and parks, hire police, firemen and teachers, improve crowded streets, etc. The developers had already pocketed their profits but many a budget of a homeowner was strained to its limits. Utility rates soared. Out in farm country, the cost of producing machinery in an industrialized society, combined with the big take of the prosperous middleman, put a strain on the farm economy long before double digit inflation and fuel and fertilizer

prices went out of sight. Meanwhile welfare costs climbed and, with that, resentment over having to help bear the costs. Huge segments of the population have thus been conditioned for Harris' type of populism. Yet many suburbanites who hear it and respond emotionally on the spot are left wondering the next day just how Harris is going to get them to the promised land. One hears this repeatedly in the aftermath of a Harris visit.

Simultaneously, the country is teetering on a schizophrenic attitude toward the role of "big government." Those who think about it know that, without New Deal programs such as social security, unemployment compensation and welfare to act as breakers, the current recession would be far more devastating. But what about all those other government programs, those "Great Society" schemes? Have they succeeded? Or even made a dent? On the one hand, people recognize the government's attempt to cope with poverty, cultural or economic, has fallen short but, at the same time, every time a problem arises there's a cry for "government to do something about it." Harris, by putting some of the responsibility for success back on the individual, is adding an important component but it's not the total answer for a populace tormented by forces it can't control. In the end, he could stir more resentment than hope.

His foreign policy is a case in point. On every point, Harris is strong on his analysis of what went wrong but not as convincing on what should be done about it. Asked at a gathering at a professor's house near Marquette University what he thought this country should do about Portugal, he replied: "The question is, should we do anything?" He doesn't think so. "Americans shouldn't impose themselves on the world," he says. Colonialism was a failure. But is our policy to end at the water's edge? Now that Vietnam is behind us, what kind of constructive role is there for this country? Harris may well have thought it through but he hasn't shared it with any of his audiences when I've been with him. He says he's not an isolationist but . . . He's better on such appealing lines as this one on amnesty: "We made a tragic mistake and sure enough we shouldn't punish those who noticed."

One big hope of those signing up with Harris is that his populist appeal will attract Wallace voters. Harris is eyeing the Mississippi primary as a place to take on Wallace. He has lots of "kin" down there, "all of them rednecks." He plans to send his aunt and uncle down to work for him and is counting on the support of a host of black friends, white liberals and Indians who've worked with LaDonna.

There are signs Harris has strong appeal to blue collar workers judging by the reaction of men with workers' hands who show up at rallies; however, that's not to say they and their fellow workers are immune to Wallace's rhetoric, to his talk about "busers" of little

children, the "welfare cheats," the "pointy-headed bureaucrats." It could bring them back in droves. Right-wing "populism" with its racial and ethnic basis, its raw emotionalism, is always easier to market in some areas than a brand that at least offers some solutions. Harris' hopes of cornering his share of that vote could set him up for an even worse disappointment than he suffered at the hands of the monied people in 1971.

In the fall of 1974 he was spending nearly every weekend in New Hampshire signing up hundreds, many of them attracted to his special "Action" plan, which called for an umbrella organization of social activists to hold seminars on issues, etc. Win or lose, Harris promised this would survive the campaign. One check at his announcement in Concord, New Hampshire, showed two-thirds of those present were brought into the campaign by an interest in that program. His initial forays frightened the state's liberal establishment; now they think some of his support is beginning to erode. A few who signed up with Harris are already switching to other candidates. This fits the perception Washington observers have of Harris—an energetic, restless man who doesn't follow through. But he's gone on to other states and is building organizations everywhere, making it premature to write him off despite the obvious difficulties he's having in trying to put together and keep together a national organization without money or a staff on the road.

He doesn't exactly burn up the turf when he goes into a state; in fact, he encounters a strong reluctance from a lot of liberals who see him as a big loser in a year when they desperately want a winner. Still, he's signing up thousands, many of them veterans of local populist-type causes, some McGovernites from 1972; others are legislators or local officials. There are farmers, teachers, housewives, students, local union officials, professionals. He has state organizations in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Colorado and Oklahoma and is well along in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, North Carolina, Wisconsin, Ohio, Iowa, Nebraska and California and has workers signed up in some numbers in New Mexico, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois, Oregon and South Dakota. He's been in some additional Southern states, each time bringing back another stack of cards to be filed in the boxes in his basement. Money is trickling in. The first two large mailings are turning a profit and he has hopes of qualifying for matching funds by midsummer. His pitch includes the promise that every dollar, every card signed "can make a difference." He reminds his people "you don't get power by begging for it." His favorite sign-off is a reminder that a fellow Oklahoman named Woody Guthrie wrote a song called "This Land is Your Land, This Land is My Land." To this he adds: "If you elect me President of the United States, we'll make ol' Woody Guthrie's song come true."

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

A Chorus Line

(Newman)

Credit where credit is certainly due. I haven't been shy about criticizing Joseph Papp adversely, so I underscore at the start that his hospitality and support helped to make *A Chorus Line* possible. Apparently he had little to do with the creation of the show (and hasn't claimed it), but he provided the place for Michael Bennett and his collaborators to evolve it over a period of months as a workshop production. Many of the Public Theater workshops never see the light, or much light. Once in a good while, as with Jack Gelber's version of Mailer's *Barbary Shore*, the results are as interesting as any in Papp's far-flung—and still flinging—empire. A scattershot policy occasionally pays off if you keep it up long enough. Papp persists; and this is one of the happier results.

Michael Bennett is a Broadway choreographer and director whose previous work, as I've seen it, has ranged from fair to foul. His choreography for *Company* was smart, for *Follies* less smart; his direction of Neil Simon's play *God's Favorite* was a mistake. Most of his work has been in musicals—he began as a chorus dancer at 17 and is now only 32—and the experience of the chorus call has been central to his life, the process of trying out for jobs in a show, getting and not getting them. That experience is a microcosm of cultural comment. Out of it Bennett has made a good show, using a method that is a further cultural comment.

The Broadway musical performer is a special, rarefied breed. He (please also read "she") was much in demand in the first half of this century when musicals were produced in great numbers. It's paradoxical that, as the number of musicals has drastically declined, their job requirements have risen in stringency. Formerly a show might have a singing group, a group of show girls (who only had to be tall and gorgeous), a dance group whose work was mainly tap, and occasionally some ballet dancers

as well. From about the time of *Oklahoma!* (1943) and Agnes DeMille's choreography therein, the character of Broadway dancing has changed; this, combined with money tightening, has made it necessary for fewer and fewer people to do more and more. The same ensemble must now do the dancing (tap and ballet), sing, look sexy, and also play small parts when necessary. The competent Broadway musical performer is one of the best-trained people in the American theater—and has become so just as his job opportunities have dwindled. ("Don't tell me that Broadway is dying," wails one of the girls in this show. "I just got here.")

With all that's required and with so few chances to use it, the chorus call for a Broadway show has become a special circle of hell. To explore it, to explore why some people insist on preparing and heading for it, Bennett conceived the idea of *A Chorus Line*. His helpers, all skillful, were the co-choreographer Bob Avian, the writers James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, the lyricist Edward Kleban and the composer Marvin Hamlisch. Robin Wagner's setting is just black drapes with a huge mirror as backdrop which splits into sections on pivots and can disappear—not a fresh idea but useful for a dance show. Tharon Musser's lighting is highly responsive to situations and does more to "dress" the show than any other element.

The strikingly different fact about *A Chorus Line*, and its most illuminating cultural aspect, is that it was evolved through months of rehearsal. Bennett has said that the entire cast—a very talented group—was engaged before the show was written. The book, the songs and the dances were worked out as they went along, from materials that came out of rehearsals, including the lives of all the participants. This is clearly the appropriation by Broadway musical people of a method that has been developed, not by Off Broadway but by Off Off Broadway—in "matrix" groups, such as Joseph Chaikin's now disbanded Open Theater, which evolve their productions out of the contributions in rehearsal of all the participants, with writers and composers (if used at all) as collaborators in the evolution. In fact one moment near the beginning of *A Chorus Line*—when a dance ends with the line of dancers holding up their photographs in front of their faces—is strongly reminiscent of a similar device in the Open Theater's *Mutation Show* (1973). In further fact this show's overall method, winnowing out the

performers' autobiographies to juxtapose them against what they are now, is also reminiscent of *The Mutation Show*.

As the lights come up on *A Chorus Line* (no curtain), a group of 23 men and women—called "boys and girls"—are dancing in rehearsal clothes, led by the director and his assistant. The director soon eliminates six. Then, seated at the back of the auditorium, he tells the remaining 17 that he will finally select eight, "four and four"; that he wants a strong unit who can also play small parts; and that he must know more about them. This public self-revelation, not exactly run-of-the-mill at chorus calls, is the central device. Each of them steps forward in turn and talks, and/or sings and dances, about "himself." Each of them is actually dealing with a fictional character, but all of this material has obviously been mined from firsthand observation or experience, worked over and "set" by Bennett and his colleagues. Finally the director chooses eight.

Two common denominators apply to most of the stories. First, these dancers hated their families and hometowns. (One of the boys grew up in Buffalo which so depressed him that he once thought of killing himself; but "to commit suicide in Buffalo is redundant.") Second, as one number says, "everything is beautiful at the ballet." They are mostly refugees who dread having to return to the outside world

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Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Try to see the Italian-language subtitled version, not the dubbed version, of Fellini's funny-bitter-lovely poem.

Monty Python and the Holy Grail. Le Morte d'Arthur mortified. The Middle Ages were never like this, alas. Amusing rather than hilarious, still these days. . . .

The Passenger. Anything by Antonioni must be seen. But what a grudging, terrible thing to have to say about a film by a master.

A Touch of Class. The 1973 comedy, widely revived and worth it. Glenda Jackson makes insubstantiality incredibly substantial.

SK

First, And Most Recent

The Grass Is Singing

(Crowell; \$7.95)

The Memoirs of a Survivor

(Knopf; \$6.95)

by Doris Lessing

It is not gracefulness of style that has held Doris Lessing's growing audience, but rather, a steadily high level of intellectual energy and provocative ideas, embodied in and through her characters. These are the strengths and weaknesses of her newest novel, *The Memoirs of a Survivor*. Though her enthusiasts will not find this "attempt at autobiography" her most satisfying work in this sense, they will see Lessing's always interesting imagination at work again on her characteristic theme of the tensions between societal breakdown and private vision.

The setting for the novel is London, in a projected post age of affluence, when societal and technological order have virtually disintegrated. Anarchy reigns (though a bureaucratic class, dedicated to maintaining itself, is hinted at); most people have deserted the inner city, though none have returned to describe the alternative; goods and services are available only intermittently or illegally; vague illnesses and diseases proliferate; young marauders, wandering in animal-like packs, keep fear alive.

The narrator, an older woman who is never named, attempts to recount her personal experience of this time in which the bizarre and the ordinary co-existed. The bizarre is the other world that the narrator discovers just beyond her living room wall: a world of rooms and changing scenes, entered partly by accident, partly by concentration. Her subsequent visits reveal different stages of disorder, as well as vaguely familiar objects and furnishings. In fact, the rooms beyond the wall seem to mirror the social disintegration taking place outside her flat, but in another dimension.

Just as this private reality opens up as an alternative to the outer anarchy, the narrator is given a distraction from her

chosen escape: a young girl, Emily Cartwright, is left for her to take care of, with only the explanation, "She's your responsibility." That both events reflect psychic rather than physical realities becomes clear, as the narrator acknowledges, "Looking back, I can say definitely that the growth of that other life or form of being behind that wall had been at the back of my mind for a long time before I realized what it was I had been listening to, listening for . . ." and, later, "I had abandoned all expectations of the ordinary world for my inner world, my real life in that place." Like the female protagonist in Penelope Mortimer's *Long Distance*, the narrator discovers a location created partly by the necessities of her own inner life. The tensions of the novel develop from the contrary pulls of the inner world, or the past, which exist beyond the wall as both a kind of escape and a task, and the outer world, or the future, symbolized by Emily/responsibility.

Both worlds become more complex during the course of the novel. As Emily, with her strange and endearing dog-cat, Hugo, attempts to become part of the roving chaos of the street gangs, the narrator's more frequent trips behind the wall separate into two distinct kinds of experience: an impersonal and active level which involves reordering disheveled rooms, painting, or assisting in matching pieces of carpet into a larger pattern; and a "personal" and passive level, revealing scenes from a childhood marked by oppressive tension, guilt, sterility and imprisonment. The childhood is ostensibly Emily's, but Emily comes to represent the narrator's past as well as her future (and perhaps also Lessing's own child, Peter), with which she must come to terms in order to merge the threads of her experience. As she remarks, Emily "was as close to me

as my own memories."

While the outer world continues to deteriorate, Emily matures rapidly, developing through "chrysalis after chrysalis" from a child of 12, to a surrogate parent for the barbarian children at 14, to a worn woman corresponding to the age of 35 or 40. At the intersection of past and future—the "descent into anarchy" (a stage beyond the "descent into Hell" depicted in an earlier Lessing novel)—the world becomes literally topsy turvy. The top floor of the narrator's building houses animals, while orphaned children—who significantly live in the underground—become more animal-like in their dehumanized, even cannibalistic, behavior. It is as if the ilk of Colin Turnbull's *The Mountain People* have been transplanted to London. In the face of decreasing supplies of food, water and electricity, the task of defending Emily's Hugo—the ugly animal who embodies "fidelity, humility, endurance"—becomes the remaining task through which humanity and unselfishness can be affirmed.

Lessing's pessimism, so evident here, seems increasingly to find its only resolution in apocalypse. Her last four novels have proposed as the only alternative to external anarchy or despair a great inward journey, which ultimately dissolves the wall between the two dimensions of reality—but also turns its back on that chaos in the social order. As in the ending to *The Four-Gated City*, *The Memoirs* offers a visionary exit from the hopelessness of the very real societal breakdown Lessing envisions: the new dispensation is a transcendent one providing "the way out of this collapsed little world into another order of world altogether."

With this path out of chaos in mind, it is intriguing to reconsider Lessing's first novel, *The Grass Is Singing*, originally published in 1950 and reprinted this year. The forces of social disintegration are already anticipated in that novel in the more conventional tension between a white South African farmer's wife, Mary Turner, and the black houseboy, Moses, who is both a catalyst for her developing psychic breakdown and the perpetrator of her self-generated destruction. The novel begins with the factual report of Mary's death and then unravels as an extended flashback exposes the circumstances which culminate in the murder. Racial and sexual tensions are only two of the forces depicted in the novel, which also explores the claustrophobia of Mary's stagnant existence and the way her need to be

punished for her own self-hate results in the inevitable murder. Through her gradual capitulation to boredom, fear and emotional torpor, one comes to understand the difference between the fact and the truth of her death at Moses' hand, "though what thoughts of regret, or pity, or perhaps even wounded human affection were compounded with the satisfaction of his completed revenge, it is impossible to say."

By contrast *The Memoirs* discloses a view which is paradoxically more pessimistic and more visionary. Whereas in *The Grass Is Singing*, inhumanity is built into the social order (*apartheid*), in the future imagined in *The Memoirs* there is no social order left at all. In both novels the community can offer little sustenance; mutual tolerance and the urge to reaffirm "responsibility" as a communal value are the only alternatives to complete dehumanization. At the root of both novels is the awesome potential of the human mind that provides not only the vehicle for breakdown and capitulation to overwhelming circumstances, but also the capacity for transformation, renewal and even escape. Mary Turner's despair begins with isolation and ends in self-hatred; the narrator in *The Memoirs* confronts despair in the form of outer anarchy by adapting (Emily) and the guilt and claustrophobia of her past by assimilating and finally transforming it into the future.

However despite the intriguing fantasy of the twin strands of past and future in *The Memoirs of a Survivor*, the narrator is a shadowy, unknowable figure, more of an eyepiece through whom we see chaos or possibility than a sympathetic character. As she says, "I almost felt myself not to exist, in my own right. I was a continuation, for [Emily], of parents, or a parent, a guardian, foster-parents"—illustrating an insubstantiality that somewhat distances the reader. Unlike the clarity of *The Grass Is Singing*, the vision in this latest novel is ultimately oblique, resolved only in the cryptic realization that the narrator—and Doris Lessing—are survivors.

Roberta Rubenstein

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Coming

Joseph Featherstone
reviews David Hawkins'
The Informed Vision

Long on Rhetoric

The Great Detente Disaster: Oil and the Decline Of American Foreign Policy

by Edward Friedland, Paul Seabury and Aaron Wildavsky

(Basic Books; \$7.95)

Often the vignettes that most illuminate our times are reported in the "Style" section of *The Washington Post* rather than on the news pages. The scene of one symptomatic episode was the presidential banquet for the visiting Shah of Iran. The Shah's toast, coming within days of the *Mayaguez* affair, expressed appreciation for the demonstration of American willingness to use force to defend its vital interests.

Coming from a leader who had done more to damage the interests of the United States and its allies in the past 25 years than any man, save perhaps Stalin, the sentiment is mind-boggling. Did the Shah believe that the President did not know that he, along with our other friends, the Saudis, were responsible for the sudden and dramatic increase in oil prices? Did the Shah not know that this action had exacerbated the inflation and recession now gripping the world or that the new increase he was planning would only prolong the economic difficulties?

Surely Mr. Ford was aware of all this. However his actions and those of other administration officials gave the Shah confidence that the United States would continue to treat him as a close friend and ally regardless of the price of oil. Far from being confronted with threats of the use of force or even of economic and diplomatic retaliation, the Shah came away with more assurances of support, promises of the right to buy any military equipment he wanted and, we later learned, help in duplicating the spying capability of our super-secret National Security Agency.

None of this would have surprised the authors of the book here under review, but it would have appalled them. The tone, style and message of the book is well summed up in a quote from Chapter One (erroneously cited to the Introduction on the back cover):

Suppose a man puts a gun in your back and cries "Your money or your life!" and, being a prudent person, you give up your money; you lose money but keep

your integrity. But if you then turned to the robber and said that this encounter had brought you closer together, that his new wealth would, by reducing his sense of inferiority, increase communication, and that, anyway, it was good for your children to learn to live without money, one of you is sick; and it is not the thief.

Anyone who thinks that the OPEC problem is one of recycling and that the inconveniences will soon dissipate is not likely to be persuaded by this slender and repetitious volume. It is unfortunately long on rhetoric and short on carefully reasoned analysis or facts. The chapters occur in no apparent order and are written as if the others did not exist. The authors resist no temptation to attack all aspects of the Kissinger-Ford foreign policy, but their own prescriptions for action are neither precise nor credible.

If proponents of "living with OPEC" will be able to shrug off this volume as they have the Tucker-Luttwak effort to popularize force as a solution, those who believe that the United States must confront OPEC can only be disappointed. Indeed, apart from a few scattered articles and a virtually ignored series on National Public Radio, there has been remarkably little effort to alert the public to the danger and to propose concrete solutions.

Partly this is attributable to the malaise stemming from Vietnam and partly to the continuing ability of the executive branch to set the terms of the foreign policy debate. But it results also from the inability of most economists to see beyond the narrowest terms of their profession. As one leading economist said about his colleagues, they are unable to distinguish between giving a billion dollars to England and to an Arab potentate. Nor are they able to distinguish between the feasibility of transferring vast resources and the consequences for peoples' lives of doing so.

Rather than remain quiet the economists have rushed in with schemes for recycling—a polite word for trying to

persuade OPEC nations to invest the new wealth in ways that deprive them of influence over their money and that fulfill the interests of the multinational corporations. The Arab states in particular show no signs of being willing to yield up the gains of their successful extortion quite so easily.

The reasons the United States should view the arbitrary setting of oil prices by OPEC and the accompanying threat of some of its members of a new embargo as a grave threat to Western interests should be clear. But since we continue to treat OPEC's two indispensable members, Iran and Saudi Arabia, as our closest allies, it is worth reiterating some of the consequences of their policies:

- The fourfold increase in oil prices means a permanent and substantial reduction in the standard of living of all Americans.

- The sudden and arbitrary increase in prices substantially exacerbated both the recession and the inflation for which poorer Americans are now paying.

- The continuation of these high prices, and the even higher ones planned by OPEC, will make it harder to shake off the worst worldwide recession in 40 years and dramatically increase the risk of a new round of inflation.

- The economic consequences for our allies and for the poorer nations of the world are considerably worse with severe balance of payments problems added to the other difficulties.

- The individuals to whom this vast wealth is flowing are with a few notable exceptions despots who will use the resources to pursue their own domestic and international objectives. Thus far the wealth has been used by Iran to seek dominance in the Persian Gulf largely through purchases from the vast American weapons factory, and by the Arab states to support the blacklist of firms dealing with Israel and to influence the Middle East policy of both the United States and Europe.

Even if these efforts were not successful the perception of them cannot help but erode American credibility far more than our reaction to the seizure of a ship. When *The New York Times* energy specialist Edward Cowan reports matter-of-factly that "there is considerable evidence that the Nixon-Ford Administration has been moderating its support of Israel for two years, or since Saudi Arabia told Washington to do just that," we are a long way toward compromising our commitments for the price of oil.

And not even for that. There is no

evidence that Washington has extracted any concessions at all from its friends in OPEC. All of the movement has been in the other direction: not only the flow of funds, but also technical assistance in military and industrial fields, promises of support against adversaries, including Henry Kissinger's participation in a CENTO meeting, and White House banquets. Still OPEC is free to raise prices at will and the threat of a new embargo hangs over the Middle East peace negotiations.

Why has Henry Kissinger, our leading

exponent of the use of force and of the hard-headed pursuit of American interests, acquiesced in this dramatic change in the balance of power? The authors of *The Great Detente Disaster* attribute the policy to Kissinger's singleminded pursuit of good relations with the Soviet Union. In my view this completely misinterprets the Secretary of State's motives and interests.

First of all there is Kissinger's self-proclaimed ignorance of economics. This means not only that he does not understand the technical details of the

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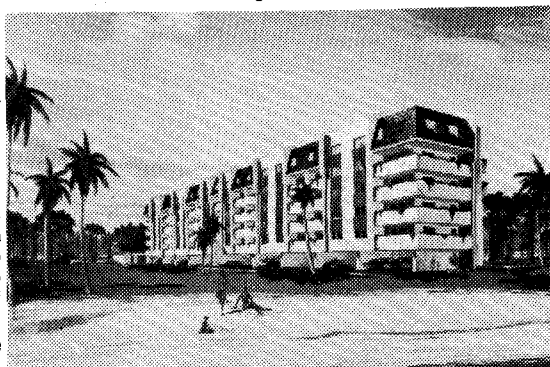
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balance of payments, but, much more importantly, that he does not believe that economic assets can really affect relations between nations. Kissinger sees the influence of nations as coming from the possession of military power and the perception of the will to use it. For him Arab oil money poses no threat. More generally Kissinger's objective in the Middle East is not to improve relations with the Soviets but rather to expel them or at least reduce their influence to the lowest possible level. Pursuit of this objective is incompatible with confrontation with OPEC. Kissinger needs the support of the two anti-Communist powers, Iran and Saudi Arabia, in framing a settlement that reduces Soviet influence. Moreover threats against the Arab states would force them to seek continued Soviet support.

In Washington one cannot attack something with nothing. The main weakness of the opponents of the "living-with-OPEC" policy is that they lack a carefully articulated alternative. The authors of this book propose "a plainspoken new nationalism":

Its vocabulary would be one of narrow, practical interest, the self-interest of all nations and the national interest of the United States. Every nation would be expected to serve itself; no nation, including the United States, would be expected to give or get something for nothing. . . . Oil policy, like charity, would begin at home.

But the prescription is so vaguely defined, and its probable side-effects for world trade so breezily dismissed, that few people will give it serious thought.

No one has come forward with a concrete set of proposals for confronting OPEC and forcing down the price of oil. This volume leaves that urgent task undone.

Morton H. Halperin

Morton H. Halperin is a Washington-based foreign affairs analyst.

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Psychic Pattern

George Eliot: The Emergent Self by Ruby V. Redinger

(Knopf; \$15)

Living for 23 years in Victorian England with a man to whom she was not married, George Eliot knew only too well that many "fine stories" would be told about her. In fiction she tried to show how "stories not altogether creditable to the parties concerned . . . often come to be fine in a sense that is not ironical." Eliot herself has often been the subject of both kinds of stories, and they continue to be told. In the past seven years there have been three biographies. Gordon Haight's scrupulous account generally avoids interpretation except to confirm Eliot as a great woman "not fitted to stand alone." Marghanita Laski has found Eliot only too well fitted to the man she chose to lean on, claiming that Eliot and George Henry Lewes had much in common, including "moral coarseness" and "emotional vulgarity." Now Ruby Redinger has written an interpretive biography that attempts to reconstruct the dynamics of Eliot's emotional and creative development.

In Eliot's case the relationship is particularly absorbing. When she began to write fiction in 1856 she was nearly 37 years old, respected as a formidable intellectual, but ostracized by her unconventional "marriage" to Lewes. By the time she died in 1880 reviewers customarily compared her to Shakespeare and treated the woman as well as her books with reverence. Any biographer, then, would hope to discover why she took so long to free her imagination for fiction and how she won the adulation of a society whose strict moral code she had violated.

Redinger finds a major clue in the discrepancy between Eliot's public and private face: the one serene, benign and measured; the other anxious, troubled and emotional. Answering the second question in part, Redinger shows how Eliot and her public conspired to hide, and then to change, her private identity by adopting a pseudonym. Although born Mary Anne Evans, for a good part of her life she was known to her friends as Marian Lewes and to her public as George Eliot. The secret was out by

1859 but the withdrawal of the incognito had surprisingly little effect on the reception of her books. George Eliot had already won acclaim as the author of *Adam Bede*, and the public seemed generally willing to go on regarding the pseudonym as a separate entity. Playing this game they could crown the name with respectability. Without knowing it they also helped the author to free a "second-self" for writing by applauding her books and protecting the "dual solitude" she shared with her new namesake. Redinger also argues that Eliot eventually endowed the pseudonym with a personality of its own, growing into the mask because it fulfilled some of her deepest needs. The public rejected Marian Lewes but loved George Eliot. She needed their sympathy to offset the personal rejection, but even more important, to compensate for the "psychic pattern of deprivation" she had experienced in her childhood. In that pattern Redinger tries to find the answer to Eliot's delayed emergence as a writer of fiction.

According to Redinger Eliot suffered a childhood that blocked her imaginative and creative impulses. Rejected by her parents Mary Anne turned to her brother Isaac, demanding that he be not only a playmate but also a mother and father. After winning her deepest affection he too soon rejected her, setting his sister off on a life-long quest to justify herself through confession. He was quick to chide, so she felt guilty and full of doubt. But if she wanted to win approval by confessing, she was also terrified that confession would be turned against her, so she silenced her inner voice. Isaac was the real villain, but because he was unimaginative, she came to regard her own imagination as an enemy. Survival depended upon the discovery of adequate defenses, and she found them—in self-suppression. For years the "self that self restrains" conspired to stifle her creative powers. But finally it helped to release them. Transferring her self-restraint to a second self, or narrator, who could employ commentary and analysis to control imagination and confession, she was able to resume her quest by becoming a disguised confessional novelist.

Engaging as Redinger's hypothesis may be, it is vulnerable at several important points. Isaac's rejection turns out to block Eliot's creative powers and to demand the self-control that eventually allows her to liberate them: self-suppression releases the empathy and

tolerance so essential to Eliot's creative vision and saves her from the threatening forces within; but it also leads to the avoidance of self that stifles her imagination. Redinger admits the contradiction, only to tell us that "psychic phenomena defy verbal description; if it is attempted, the results are usually misleading." She does, however, attempt to describe "psychic phenomena" and takes refuge in paradox.

Paradox offers a certain kind of answer, but a troublesome one in this instance, because the supporting details are often questionable. Primary facts about Eliot's childhood are scanty and Redinger manipulates them to give Isaac disproportionate dominance. She never tells us, for example, that shortly before Mary Anne's father died she spoke of "the one deep strong love I have ever known" to describe her feeling for him. When Redinger turns to Eliot's novels as a gloss on her inner life, the interpretations frequently distort fictional details by pulling them out of context. Redinger is so absorbed with Tom Tulliver (*i.e.*, Isaac) that she hardly seems to be aware of the other important male characters in *The Mill on the Floss*. But that novel, at least, is autobiographical. Redinger's desire to see all of Eliot's fiction as disguised confession often ends in eccentricity. *Silas Marner*, for example, becomes a "personal myth" justifying "George Eliot's seeking and accepting money for her writings": Silas is an extension of the novelist's self and so is Eppie who transforms money into love; but "myths are also fluid and metamorphic," so Silas also turns out to be Isaac and Eppie, both mother and sister.

Redinger's theory about Eliot's "emergent self" is also misleading because it ignores certain facts in order to bring Eliot from "absolute despair" to "complete harmony." By July 1866 Redinger's story is just about over, Eliot having "at last begun to feel a sense of security." But Eliot struggled with this "emergent self" for another 14 years, suffering particularly acute anxiety during the late 1860s. In August 1866 she described herself in possession of "a mind morbidly desponding, of a consciousness tending more and more to consist in memories of error and imperfection rather than in a strengthening sense of achievement." And in 1869, when Redinger first crowns George Eliot with "complete harmony," she was lamenting her "paralyzing despondency" and struggling to begin *Middlemarch*.

The "fine story" in Redinger's book does capture a struggling George Eliot

and emerges best when she reveals how the pseudonym nurtured Eliot's public and private identity. Much of the rest of her story, however, is only fitfully illuminating. We are brought only a little closer to understanding the subtle changes that must have occurred as Mary Anne Evans became both Marian Lewes and George Eliot. After all the psychological analysis we are left with an old answer to a basic question: Redinger agrees that without Lewes' support Eliot would probably never have emerged as a novelist. Because of the particular psychological perspective, we also come away from Redinger's book with little sense of Eliot's intellectual growth and hardly aware that her philosophical concerns had a great deal to do with her creative development. Eliot once spoke of autobiography as a "precious contribution to knowledge" that tells "what nobody else can tell," how a writer's "mind grew, how it was determined by the joys, sorrows and other influences of childhood and youth." Because she preferred not to leave an account of her own life, the growth of her mind contains a "fine story," parts of which may never be told.

Suzanne Graver

Suzanne Graver has taught English at Berkshire Community College, and is finishing graduate work at the University of Massachusetts.

Durable Buy

The Annotated Dracula by Bram Stoker with introduction, notes and bibliography by Leonard Wolf

(Clarkson N. Potter; \$12.95,
\$15 after July 25)

This is one in a series of Potter books, annotating one classic or another (*Sherlock Holmes*, *Mother Goose*, etc.) and for those of us who are horror fans, the *Dracula* book is pure satisfaction. True, it is simply Bram Stoker's classic potboiler done up in splendid style, but if you admire good book value in these days of high prices, and if you enjoy the great horror story, this *Dracula* is an exceptional buy. In addition you receive expert annotated commentary from Leonard Wolf, author of *Dream of Dracula*, which imaginatively interpreted the vampire as an American sex symbol.

Dracula was first published in 1897 and has never been out of print, certainly a tribute to its durability. Over 200 *Draculoid* books have been produced, as well as 16 movies, so it is worthwhile to consider its plot and

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technique. It is an easy book to criticize; it is exceptionally uneven and often drags. It could have used a good editor. Nonetheless, taken on its own terms, it's a great tale. The first four chapters are generally considered the best. The form of the book is a series of journals, meticulously kept by all the principal characters except the Count: this accounts for the variation in quality. And if a journal won't do, there are newspaper clippings. In any case Jonathan Harker, the real estate agent who goes to Transylvania to handle the transportation for resettling Dracula and the other Nosferatu (the undead), writes his account of traveling to the castle of Dracula and the strange goings on there. He is concerned, for example, that the Count is never around in the daytime, but we know why. In exploring the castle to find a way to escape, he comes across Dracula in his earth box:

He was looking much younger. The cheeks were fuller, and the white skin seemed ruby-red underneath; the mouth was redder than ever, for on the lips were gouts of fresh blood, which trickled from the corners of the mouth and ran over the chin and neck . . . It seemed as if the whole awful creature was simply gorged with blood; he lay like a filthy leach, exhausted with his repletion.

Harker was unsuccessful in stopping the movement of the Count and undead associates to London, with its teeming millions, where a vampire would be happy as a pig in mud. From Harker's journal we pick up the story in the journal of the young women who are soon to become victims of the vampire, and Dr. Seward, the superintendent of an insane asylum. He recruits his old professor, Dr. Van Helsing, to deal with the puzzling strange pallor that comes over Lucy Westenra shortly after the ship bearing the Count's earth boxes reaches port in England with the entire crew dead. In Mina Harker's diary we witness this scene of Lucy sleepwalking in a churchyard:

When I got almost to the top I could see the seat and the white figure, for I was now close enough to distinguish it even through the spells of shadow. There was something long and black, bending over the half-reclining white figure . . . I called in fright, "Lucy, Lucy" and something raised a head, and from where I was I could see a white face and red, gleaming eyes.

Once Van Helsing arrives on the scene, he is agonizingly slow in recognizing the problem. He puzzles it out, very slowly, on his fingers. Finally he produces quantities of wolf bane, crucifixes and garlic—all in a vain effort to save Lucy's life. Poor Lucy! Like the Count she has obtained "available immortality" (Wolf's phrase), but the good Victorians won't let her off with that. They are, by golly, going to save her soul. Some saving! Her fiancé is instructed by Van Helsing to drive a wooden stake through her heart, which is more complicated than, say, hanging a painting. "The Thing in the coffin writhed; and a hideous blood curdling screech came from the opened red lips." But now the grisly task was done. "There, in the coffin, lay no longer the foul Thing that we had so dreaded . . . but Lucy as we had seen her in her life, with her face of unequalled sweetness and purity."

No wonder, then, that once this crowd of Christians began to get hot on his scent, Dracula retreats to Transylvania. Almost. Just before the sun sets on that ancient land, our heroes catch the

wagon carrying his earth box and wrench it open with a great squealing of nails. One severs his head and another sticks a Bowie knife into his heart:

It was like a miracle; but before our very eyes, and almost in a drawing of breath, the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from our sight. I shall be glad as long as I live that even in the moment of final dissolution, there was in the face a look of peace, such as I never could have imagined might have rested there.

In places where the story sags, one can be satisfied by the many pictures and the annotations. Little is required to inspire an annotation. For example, on the first page Harker mentions he had a Hungarian chicken dish, and on page two there is a recipe for paprika chicken. Also, footnote 16 in the first chapter gives us the different races and their numbers inhabiting Transylvania in 1888. Footnote 22 discusses the problems of hair growing in the palm of the hand and the curious description of the Count as compared to an 1857 account of the baleful physical characteristics that

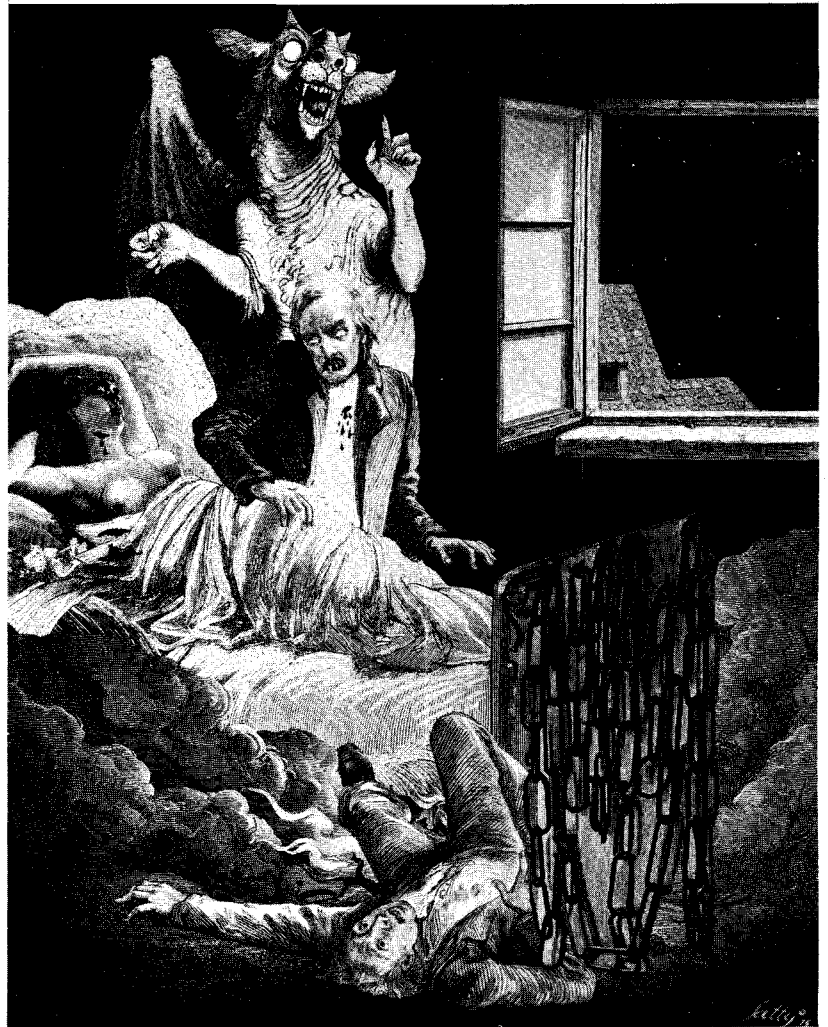


Illustration by Sathy

overtake one caught up in the evils of masturbation. There is a note on page 193 about the shapes and sizes of stakes suitable for driving through the heart of a vampire.

Dracula is often equated with the basic evil forces in the world, the Antichrist, Darkness. Historic fact and folk legend have combined to preserve the vampire idea, still as fresh as today's blood. One sympathizes with the evil Count, who worked out a grand life-style that went heavily for solitude and old ruined houses, and we admire his ability to survive over the centuries. Our heroes were convinced that given the choice, Dracula would too, like Lucy, prefer that his soul be released from its filthy prison, and, as already mentioned, there was allegedly a peaceful look on his face at the moment of his dissolution.

Yet, considering Dracula's heroic efforts to avoid capture, one can only assume that given his druthers, he would have gone on as before. Today he would have taken his case to the ACLU.

If Dracula is indeed gone, the legend will remain. As we all seek escape from the everyday horrors of modern life, we cling to those pleasant, imagined horrors with relief, as a way to blot out reminders of our own weaknesses and mortality. *The Annotated Dracula* is a fun book to have around, and can be read on whatever level one's imagination seeks on a given terrifying evening.

Robert J. Myers

Robert J. Myers has written, most recently, *The Cross of Frankenstein* (Lippincott), which will appear June 30th.

American institutions had appended socially progressive educational departments: junior museums, auditoriums for plays and concerts, and studios for pre-professional and Saturday-morning artists, the great majority of whom were minority and ghetto youngsters. All these activities however were subordinate to the conservation of the works in the galleries beyond. One went there in a mood of awe denigrated now but useful for teaching the real substance of art.

Today however all aspects of museum work are being reevaluated. The utopian hope of early art educators, to uplift the poor and potentially virtuous by art, has been swamped by the surge of population in the city ghettos and by radical confrontation politics. Nor is there a shared certainty, in our time, about what "art" is. Is it a repository of historical and humanistic ideas, capable of being learned like any other discipline through gradual immersion in it? Or is an art object a token of national eminence, like the moonrock that toured the world a few years ago? What is the proper function of a core collection of

Metropolitan Museum—1975

by Eleanor Munro

Thomas Hoving, since 1967 director of the Metropolitan Museum in New York and the nation's most controversial art official, was asked recently with what historical figure he identifies. He replied the Baron Haussmann who, as perfect of the Seine under Napoleon III, created the Paris we know, laying out the Bois de Boulogne, truncating the Luxembourg Palace gardens and thousands of dwellings to make way for his grand boulevards and setting the Opera amid its spokes of avenues. The comparison reveals the scope of Hoving's ambitions. When he was commissioner of parks, then of cultural affairs for the city of New York under his friend Mayor John Lindsay, Hoving, who had trained as a medieval art historian, made a national name for himself by transforming the parks into a sort of medieval village turn-out, with tents, banners, strolling musicians and handicraft fairs. Crime in these areas declined and the public was exhilarated.

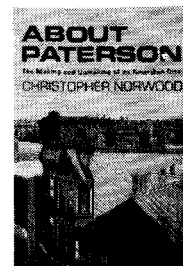
Moving back into museum work from which he originally came to politics, Hoving, then only 36, ready for action and not yet embittered by criticism, set out to make the same use of the historical treasures under his aegis as he

had of greenswards and bird rambles: to bring refreshment to the citizenry and even détente between the jousting races and classes in his fractious city. The evolution of the Metropolitan into a meeting place for entertainment seekers has brought Hoving praise, particularly from out-of-towners who, according to a recent survey, consider it the primary object of their visits. At the same time he has been almost continually raked by the press and by members of his profession for overstepping the limits of his mandate.

Museums began as the private solace of kings and ecclesiastics, visible to the people only by dispensation. Napoleon in Paris and men like Lord Elgin in London turned the museum into an awe-inspiring reminder of Empire. Not of radically different origin were American museums. Set up in the late 19th century by robber barons and more refined tycoons, their intention was fundamental to Protestant Christianity: to make available to the worthy less fortunate the bounties assembled by the pious, good, energetic and (therefore) the rich. In time, Evangelicalism matured, and by the 1930s most of these



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unique historical art masterpieces, the patrimony of a nation, indeed of an entire civilization? And if in our time the "art museum" is turned into a substitute for church, colosseum and band park, a meeting spot for the educated, leisured classes, then what are its responsibilities to the student, the scholar, outcasts from "in" society, and to posterity? These are the questions being asked.

Hoving, however, willfully ignores the debate. He has shut his educational department and lays on his scholarly curators the uncongenial task of turning huge exhibitions into popular enlightenment experiences. He puts on happenings in the galleries, sends tapestries, ivories, fragile paintings on wood panels abroad with little concern for the hazards of travel. Right now 100 of his museum's greatest treasures, including (fittingly, to be sure) Rembrandt's *Noble Slav*, are in Russia in exchange for the noble Scythian gold on view on Fifth Avenue. One senses a genuine, even heroic internationalist spirit at work behind these epochal loans. At home, however, Hoving has often shown a brutal disregard for custom, truth and even law in getting what he wanted for his museum.

When he took the directorship, he moved fast to rewrite constitution and bylaws to give himself unprecedented power, to which his trustees, persuaded by his eloquent empathy with works of art and sense of contact with the world of tomorrow, acquiesced. He beat out the Smithsonian Institution in Washington for the Temple of Dendur, gift to the nation from the Egyptian government.

To house Dendur and other troves soon to drop into his lap, Hoving then moved to expand the museum. The New York City Planning Commission gave \$200,000 for a study of the Museum's real needs and urged expansion into other locations. However Hoving had determined on a centralized "universal museum." Normally for a semi-public institution like the Met, standing on

public land and annually receiving from city tax funds a proportion of running expenses (about 20 percent) and capital expenses (some 50 percent over the years), the next step would be a competitive search for architects. Here again the trustees granted Hoving "total power." His choice was Roche and Dinkeloo, whose garden-skyscraper for the Ford Foundation had just opened near Manhattan's East River, eliciting amazement both for its spectacular spaces and its unprecedented cost for a nonprofit foundation's headquarters (\$17 million). The plan the architects came up with for the Met was as grandiloquent and far more complex: eagle-shaped, with glass wings to both sides of the old building, sheer limestone abutments linking the spaces, and a central, soaring beak-like shaft for the Robert Lehman collection of medieval, Renaissance and later European art. Angered Manhattanites fought the plan's encroaching on legally untouchable parkland in the courts, and lost. As Hoving recalled the other day, haste had been of the essence. "If we didn't do the building quickly we never would have. The participatory democracy movement was coming into prominence. . . . a community planning board that would have something to say over us. Time was running out."

Running out too, however, was a financial climate for the Met as for many of our cultural institutions. In 1968, the year before the plan was announced at \$50 million, the museum for the first time in years showed a budget deficit of nearly half a million dollars. By 1972 the deficit was \$1.5 million. A new accounting firm devised a format for the annual financial reports and the museum opted to follow the "Bundy system" of reckoning, popular among nonprofit institutions of the time because it was predicated on a continually expanding economy. As it turned out the economy flagged. Now, by the changed system of reporting, annual and cumulative deficits inevitably incurred by the Museum have, to allay the trustees' anxieties, year by year been grossly understated until well over \$12 million of unreported funds have been "transferred" out of the endowment.

The building plan now calls for \$75 million, of which only about \$45 million has been raised. Once it is completed, there lies an inflated operating budget *in perpetuum* to air condition, dehumidify and guard inside and out a vast environment of sunlight, watermoats and gardens, harmful to most materials of art.

So far the private sector has loyally underwritten Hoving's grand plan. In fact over the past years it has been economics, not the private taste of a Louis XV or a Napoleon, that has actually created a style, as museums from coast to coast have exploded with rays, arms, prows and angles named for tax-benefiting patrons. These structures are monuments to the unleashed creative will of the most gifted and expensive architects of our age, the manic brio of museum officials signing contracts into the millions, and the wish for perpetuation on the part of the rich in a secular age. The people benefited are, overwhelmingly, the affluent middle classes, already dazzlingly served with the arts in the cultural centers of our society. Over half the Met's visitors are college graduates and one-third have an income of over \$20,000 (youth account for a sizable part of the others); only eight percent minority and three percent blue-collar workers come through the gates. In fact these are not even open free any more, as they were, by agreement with the city, from 1878 until 1970.

The contradiction in motives becomes crucial when Hoving turns to public funds to bail him out. For to say that the shape of these new buildings is essential for the preservation of the historic art within and therefore should be underwritten and maintained by tax monies charged to all the citizens is nonsense. The Lehman wing, with its string of simulated rooms and stair landings from his West 54th Street townhouse, though erected with museum funds, will be maintained by the Lehman Foundation. But Nelson Rockefeller's African and Oceanic collections—primitive tribal masks, ancestor figures, tools, weapons and crafts—will be housed at museum expense in the most *rafinée* of towering glass tents, though there is material enough in that engorged assemblage to stock half a dozen ethnic satellite museums around the city. The ravaged Temple of Dendur, so late in date its carvers had forgotten true hieroglyphics, did not need a \$5.5 million glass envelope to ensure its preservation in a site only yards away from an Egyptian obelisk, surviving there since 1881. These incongruities would be fascinating if they were not indicative of the unreality that has marked other American displays of money power in the past.

Yet recently, worried Met officers sat with representatives of the city, the New York State Council on the Arts and

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the two National Endowments, trying to get bigger grants for the future and a loosening of categories legally limiting grants, variously, to "project" capital," or "operating" expenses. New York City, on the edge of bankruptcy, has already given \$4,400,000 to the building fund and will be called on to keep up its 20 percent of operating cost contribution.

This cry for monies on the part of behemoth—and willfully extravagant—museums not only threatens the system of public cultural funding, predicated on the distribution of resources among numbers of decentralized groups, but has fed back onto the museum, changing its style of operation. Those crowded special shows with their not-always-authentic educational catalogues and wordy wall labels have won the Met greater federal grants than any other museum: over \$400,000 from the National Endowment for the Humanities for an exhibition of Impressionist painting this winter, and only slightly less for the Scythian show now on view. Simultaneously an agreeable afterhours social life of balls, and candlelit dinners *en dix-huitième* is promoted to engage the financial support of middle-range tax benefactors. And in the future Hoving will stress the star role of the Met in New York's \$3 billion culture-for-tourists.

A resource for museums that has been only lightly tapped so far is corporate funds. Hoving indicates he plans to move aggressively in this direction, offering business, as he wryly says, "a golden hook to hang the raiment of your generosity on." Here too there will be pluses and minuses: more spectacular international shows, with stress on publicity, "consumer reaction" and "audience flow," and dwindling attention to the requirements of scholarship. Curator's offices in the Lehman wing, for instance, are symbolically airless, viewless underground cubicles.

But by far the most baleful result of involvement with business has been the symbiotic relationship between the Metropolitan Museum's Twentieth Century Department and commercial galleries. Exhibitions in this department are practically storefronts for international Marlborough Inc., and the purchases for the collection have done their part in sustaining the market (the Marlborough-owned sculpture *Becca* by David Smith was first put before the trustees in 1969 at \$100,000. Recommended again less than a year later at \$250,000, it was bought).

Indeed, for the glory of the Met

against competitors in Washington, Cleveland, etc., Hoving has tallied a series of record-setting purchases: \$1.4 million for a Monet in 1967; \$5,592,073 for a Velasquez in 1970; one million dollars for the Greek Euphrosion crater in 1972. These imperialist, subrosa and financially egoist operations, appropriate to the age of wholly privately run cultural institutions, will not do in the times ahead.

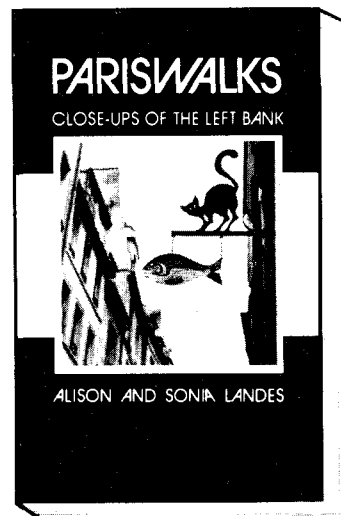
New forms of museology will, however, evolve to ensure the flow of tax, corporate and (dwindling) private funds. Everyone will have to give a little. Dedicated scholars who deplore the hurly-burly in the galleries will be driven a little deeper into their solitude, while also being asked to make their research available to small special interest audiences (a tiny, meticulous and thoughtful show of Passover art now at the Met, even though unpublicized, drew a steady stream of absorbed viewers). Non-art professionals in the community will take part in the museum's direction: Cleveland already has a working community advisory board of other local directors, educators, lawyers and business people.

For the institution itself three imperatives suggest themselves: 1) *no further tax funds for capital expansion* (except satellite museums or art centers, where the best hopes for real populist art education lie). 2) *A moratorium on the purchase of antiquities and old master art over a certain price.* Between the developed but financially strapped nations such grappling is morally repugnant. For the developing nations help should be offered in finding, conserving and showing their own patrimony. Hoving himself has said he would like to advise museums in Egypt, Iran, Africa, perhaps one day Russia, even China—an admirable idea, serving the double end of building local self-respect and keeping art in situ. And third, *museums might be encouraged to buy works by living artists from the studio, not through galleries,* directly as universities buy books and expensive equipment. It is scandalous for public monies, indirectly siphoned via tax credits, to sustain dealers some of whom, voracious and conscienceless, demean the business.

On the other hand alternatives to reform are suggested by history. It was to get on with building St. Peter's that the art-loving Medici Pope floated the indulgences that drove Luther to take up his hammer. And of the Baron Haussmann, Thomas Hoving neglected to mention the other day that his Paris

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(Publishers Weekly)



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projects helped run up an imperial debt of nearly a billion francs, helping to topple the government, while an embittered and disillusioned Haussmann himself lost his job in the debacle.

*Eleanor Munro's latest book is *Through the Vermilion Gates* (Pantheon).*

Fine Print

2nd NY Book Fair

Doris Grumbach

While the American Booksellers Association convention two weeks ago filled the corridors and display rooms of two uptown NY hotels with the country's booksellers, publishers and publishers' stunts, the old Customs House at the southern tip of the city was opened for the first time in 17 years to house the booths of small presses under the auspices of the **2nd NY Book Fair**. As far as I could tell, not many booksellers made the long journey down to the Battery. The fair nonetheless advertised itself as "an annual gathering of bibliophiles and publishers."

The day I visited everything was very quiet down there; but judging from reports of friends who went down on Memorial Day the enormous halls were crowded; 3000 catalogues were given away. The huge rotunda on the second floor of the Customs House, with its marvelous Reginald Marsh murals from WPA days and its terrible, dim lighting, seemed to dwarf the displays to the point where the 150 presses listed as being there seemed far fewer and the enthusiasm and vitality far less than I remembered at the first fair uptown last July. The evidence of new growth and progress was, somehow, absent.

I did see some old friends, many of them owners of well established small presses. **The Smith** (Harry), and Sidney Bernard of that press, were present, in a prime location—they being prime movers in bringing the fair to the Battery. Their *Newsletter* is still flourishing (as well as their other publications) and is filled with the news and gossip of the small-press world. Martin Tucker, faithful editor of **Confrontation**, was at the table for his quarterly, the only

editor present in person that I came upon. There was a booth for other small magazines, such as *TriQuarterly*, *Fiction*, *Paris Review*, *Parnassus*, but they were all together on one table and, when I was there, unattended. The booth displaying *Aphra*, on the other hand, a magazine called by the *Library Journal* "the most solid women's literary magazine around," was manned (that's the wrong word, I realize) by four or five women.

It seemed to me that the feminist movement, with its various publications, was the single dominant note at the fair. Bonnie Bluh, a self-publishing woman, was showing copies of her book, *Woman to Woman*, and said her first edition of 3000 copies was sold out at \$3.95 a copy, entirely by word of mouth. A number of tables were devoted to the literature of lesbianism. The *Feminist Art Journal* and the *Feminist Press*, still alive, were represented, a printmaker named Doris Lanier was selling her work, and much of the poetry being sold at other tables was by women. Last year I had the feeling there was a resurgence in Third World publishing; this year that seemed much diminished. It is clearly still the year of the woman.

Some of what I mentioned last year is still alive, a good sign when one of the characteristics of small press publishing is its difficulty keeping books in print. Bill Henderson's **Publish-It-Yourself** handbook is now in its sixth printing, 14,000 copies having been sold since August '73. A seventh printing of 2000 is about to be made.

Other signs of vigor: **Unmuzzled Ox** (a favorite title of mine) is still coming out. The quarterly, published by editor Michael André, features some excellent writers and art, sells for the lowest subscription price I saw anywhere—seven issues for five dollars. True, says André, "we're a little behind in our numbers, but we'll catch up."

I talked to Richard Seltzer, a young man who decided to be a publisher two years ago, started in "total ignorance," he said, and now is issuing his own book, **The Lizard of Oz**, an adult fable, with some good illustrations by Cristin Couture. There was a printer and typographer, Leonard Seastone of Tannersville, New York, whose table had examples of his fine handwork. I saw a great deal of poetry; indeed small books of poetry seem to be the major products of the small presses these days, little long fiction, and only a modicum of short-story publishing.

Celestial Arts, in Millbrae, California, is a press representative of the strong

interest still apparent in meditation and allied subjects. I looked at their title, *Alpha Brain Waves* (\$4.95) a concept that appears to be basic to yoga, zen, awareness-training, etc. Even more interesting is their **Driftwood Sculpture** by Jean Thornber (\$4.95) which tells you how to create works of art out of "found" stuff.

A representative of Charles H. Kerr Publishing Company told me it was the oldest labor press in the country, having been in the business in Chicago since 1886. On their table was a facsimile edition of **The Pullman Strike** by the Rev. William Carwardine (\$2.95) first published in 1894. The reverend, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the town of Pullman, declared himself in this study on the side of the striking employees and then goes on to document their just grievances and the terrible conditions under which they worked. Kerr published as well a book by Eugene V. Debs, **Walls and Bars**, which first appeared in 1927 (paper, \$3.50) and **The Autobiography of Mother Jones** (\$3.50). Mary (Mother) Jones was an extraordinary labor unionist who worked as organizer for the railroad shop unions, the coal miners, the metal miners. The 1925 Kerr edition of her memories has now been documented, in some cases correcting the elderly woman's recollections of her great 50 years of union struggles.

Ardis Publishers are relatively new and very interesting. I've been seeing their editions of Russian works, Dostoevski's *Notebooks* etc., all year. It is a small house but extremely prolific, specializing in 19th-century writers as well as contemporaries like Nabokov. I looked at an excellent collection of essays, **Nabokov**, edited by Carl R. Proffer (\$3.95) and a useful guide to the allusions and symbols in *Ada* by Bobbie Ann Mason (\$8.95). This is a press of such great enterprise that I suspect it will have trouble staying small.

I spent the second half of the day after the small press fair looking with wonder at the magnificent collection of drawings, paintings, Italian maiolica and furniture (whole rooms in fact) which Robert Lehman has given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The museum has built a special building to house the gift, itself a gem of a small museum, and the drawings, particularly, impressed me as being worth the trip to New York. The catalogue informs us that the collection has more than 1000 of these, dating from the 14th century to the 20th; about 100 are on display. The

Rembrandt drawing (self-portrait) alone is worth hours on the Metroliner.

Once back at the office I found that **Capra Press** of Santa Barbara, Calif., had sent me seven more of their charming little *Chapbooks*, which sell for \$2.50, a more than fair price for these collections of poetry (Lyn Lifshin's *Old House Poems*), short novel (William Benton's *Eye La View*), a novella by Robert Gover, etc. Particularly distinguished by their format—small, each one distinctively designed and illustrated—these are a pleasure to hold in your hand. There are now 33 in the series—all of which may well become collector's items, as the old Thomas Bird Mosher books now are.

Small-press publishing is alive and well, not as wildly prolific as it seemed to promise to become last year, but still there, and when it's good it's very very good. When it's not, like publishing everywhere, large and small, it's horrid.

Next Week in Fine Print: Reviews of books by Jerome Klinkowitz and Midge Decter; the architecture of H.H. Richardson; WPA art; the illustrations of Walter Crane.

Correspondence

Have We Been Had?

To the editors:

The publication of Tad Szulc's article ("Have We Been Had?" *TNR*, June 7) is a sad event . . . Mr. Szulc, normally a responsible reporter, has pulled together some warmed-over material that was being spread through the Washington rumor marts six months ago in order to try to discredit arms limitation negotiations with the Soviet Union. President Ford, on December 2, 1974, said, "We know of no violations, either on the part of the Soviet Union or by ourselves." Since then, there have been two successful meetings of the Standing Consultative Commission (SCC) to resolve any alleged ambiguities. For *TNR* to revive now these stories, which are riddled with inaccuracies, when other journals have turned them down is a disappoint-

ment to those who have appreciated its past high standards of objectivity. The following are just a few examples of the more flagrant errors that should be flagged to correct the record.

First, Szulc apparently has not understood the difference between the ongoing SALT II negotiations and the discussions of the Standing Consultative Commission (SCC), which was established by the Moscow Agreements of 1972. The SCC had its regular semi-annual session ending in early May and scheduled its next session routinely for the fall. Szulc was in error in stating that it had planned to resume its secret discussions in Geneva on June 2, and postponed these for a month. Instead, it was the SALT negotiations that were postponed from early June. Szulc was similarly in error when later on he stated that the SCC was the forum to implement the Vladivostok decisions. It was the SALT negotiators who had that task.

Confusing public statements in the aftermath of Moscow may provide some excuse for Szulc's befuddlement over the difference between "light" and "heavy" missiles in the SALT I Interim Agreement. He has only further muddied the waters; a careful reporter would have found it better to rely on the official wording in the agreement. He stated that according to the secret SALT record a "heavy" weapon is any missile exceeding 70 cubic meters in volume. Yet by his own statements this is not in accord with the facts. US negotiators said that the "light" SS-11 missile had a volume of about 70 cubic meters and that we would consider any missile with "significantly greater" volume as a heavy missile. The term "significantly greater" was never defined with respect to missile size and was referred to only in a US unilateral statement, never concurred in by the USSR. Since the new SS-19 missile was already under development in 1972 as a replacement for the SS-11, the Russians would never have agreed to a definition banning its deployment. The US has never officially raised with the Russians the issue that the SS-19 should be counted as a "heavy" missile, and the implication that this Soviet program is a violation of the Interim Agreement has no foundation. In view of the Vladivostok accords, a clear upper limit on the size of "light" missiles should be agreed to in SALT II.

Szulc also states that the Soviet Union is in violation of Article V of the Interim Agreement by adopting concealment measures that impede verification by

"national technical means" of compliance with the agreement. He cites the report that the Russians had been placing canvas over their *mobile* missile launchers preventing US photography. However, he neglects to point out that the development, testing and deployment of mobile missile launchers were not banned by the Interim Agreement, so there can be no question of compliance with the agreement.

The US did make a unilateral statement that it would consider the *deployment* of operational and land mobile ICBM launchers inconsistent with the objectives of the agreement, but, contrary to Szulc's statement, the Russians did satisfactorily explain in the SCC that the covered launchers were related to the *testing* of mobile missiles. This explanation is consistent with intelligence published by Secretary of Defense Schlesinger on this subject. The US also has in its current Defense Program a project for developing mobile ICBMs; so we should not be throwing too many stones at the USSR.

Szulc is also in error in his reference to the covers that the US has placed on its Minuteman launchers, which was the subject of a parallel Soviet question. These covers stay on a minimum of four days and normally three weeks—not the 18 to 72 hours reported by Szulc. . . .

Szulc said the most serious Russian SALT violation may be their interference with US telemetric measurements of Soviet MIRV test flights. However, there is nothing in the SALT Agreements that refers to MIRVs or MIRV testing, so that such activities cannot be a violation. True, such activities could interfere with our intelligence and could make more difficult the verification of the MIRV missile ceilings agreed to at Vladivostok, but the verification provisions for such ceilings have not yet been worked out and, indeed, are a key element in the current SALT negotiations in Geneva. It seems that Szulc is going a little far in accusing the Russians of violating an agreement not yet negotiated.

There are many valid objections to the SALT negotiations and the Vladivostok accords in view of their failure to achieve any significant limitations on offensive strategic weapons, but articles like Szulc's do not contribute to the achievement of meaningful restrictions on the strategic arms race. . . .

Herbert Scoville, Jr.
McLean, Virginia

In reply:

Given Mr. Scoville's past work in the area of arms control and his views on SALT deserve attention. However, his letter concerning my article appears to contain a number of flawed interpretations. To wit:

1) It is unfair to charge, as Scoville has done, that I am involved in efforts to "discredit" SALT. As most rational persons would agree, these negotiations with the Soviet Union are as vital as the basic concept of détente. The *process* of negotiations, however, is not sacrosanct and, to the extent it is possible, it should be subject of public debate. To question specific points in the SALT context is not to "discredit" the whole undertaking. The negotiating process has been criticized publicly by past senior members of the American delegation to SALT with access to the record. I, of course, like to believe that both sides will live up to the spirit and letter of SALT accords.

2) Scoville takes recourse to technicalities in questioning my comments on the current negotiations. He is right in stating that SALT negotiators (under Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson) are working on implementing the tentative Vladivostok agreement. But it is a surprise to learn from Scoville that the meetings of the parallel Standing Consultative Commission (SCC), seeking to resolve ambiguities stemming from the 1972 agreement, have been "successful." He also overlooks the fact that negotiations for SALT II and the work in SCC are, as a practical matter, interconnected. One may add that President Ford's comments last December that he knew of "no violations" preceded the Colby and Schlesinger Senate testimony on Soviet SALT behavior.

3) The *controversy* surrounding "light" and "heavy" Soviet missiles under SALT I results principally from Kissinger's "confusing . . . statements," which are a matter of public record. Scoville likewise brushes aside the fact that Kissinger inaccurately assured members of Congress that our "unilateral" statement on this question provided "safeguards" against a Soviet conversion from "light" to "heavy" missiles. Of course the Russians never accepted our unilateral statement. But the way Kissinger described the situation served to befuddle the Congress, which, relying on the Kissinger assurances, may well conclude that the Russians are in violation of the *spirit* of the agreement. Scoville seems to be perpetuating the obfuscation surrounding this question.

4) Concerning concealment, Scoville, on rereading my article, may discover that the point is made that SALT I did not ban testing of mobile missiles. What the article said is that it is impossible for US intelligence, because of concealment, to determine just what the Russians are covering with canvas. It is a matter of interpretation what constitutes a violation. Speaking of the US *project* for developing mobile ICBMs, one may wish to differentiate between projects and actual development. Even if one accepts Scoville's assertion that the US maintains covers over its Minuteman silos for as long as three weeks this does not solve the problem of Soviet concealment.

5) On the subject of telemetry denial by the Soviets, Scoville again invokes technicalities. As my article points out, SALT I, indeed, does not cover MIRVs. But the Soviet behavior runs counter to the spirit of the SALT I accord if, in fact, the Vladivostok tentative agreement is meant to lead to SALT II. If we cannot verify Soviet MIRV testing, how can the two sides credibly negotiate ceilings on MIRVs? Kissinger himself raised this verification question in the aftermath of Vladivostok.

My final comment must be that Scoville tends to look at the overall SALT situation from a rather narrow viewpoint, splitting hairs. He ignores the political and diplomatic realities implicit in the current-two track negotiations (SALT II and SCC). That's not the way to understand a very complex situation.

Tad Szulc

Criticizing *The New Yorker*

In reply to Burling Lowrey's letter in TNR, May 31, 1975:

You state that what *The New Yorker* needs is a "tough critical look" from someone not connected with it. So who's stopping you, or anyone else? You don't need interviews and inside gossip for a tough critical look. The libraries have every issue the magazine has ever published. Start reading, thinking and writing. Isn't that what critics are supposed to do?

Gerald Jonas
The New Yorker

Finding Alternate Energy Sources

To the editors:

Your recent article on nuclear power, "Weighing the Risks" (TNR, May 17), bears out my concern that *The New Republic* is not focusing sharply on some of the serious problems which face the nation. TNR, which years ago carried the marvelous Ralph Lapp series on energy, was the first publication in the United States to draw attention to this problem; it was years ahead of its time. In your recent lead editorial on nuclear power, the overall energy problems of the nation are barely mentioned. The facts are that in the years ahead our only reliable sources of energy are coal and uranium. We face disastrous consequences if we can't use them, and both are under serious attack.

Despite the knowledge that we are running out of oil, its usage continues to climb. A graphic example of the oil situation is a series of large numbers that are placed in windows at the Federal Energy Administration's Washington headquarters at 12th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. They are changed every day and represent the number of days of oil supply left in the United States. These numbers decline daily. Calculated over time, the numbers carry the unpleasant message that the United States will run out of oil shortly before Christmas 1984.

The consumer of electricity is badly burdened today, and in some cases electricity bills are as high as home mortgage payments due to the skyrocketing costs to utilities of fuel prices. Electricity from nuclear power is 40 percent less expensive, and the savings to the consumer are huge. The nuclear electric power installed in the US today is the equivalent to all the electricity we had in 1940. Without it the consumer would be in desperate straits.

Your article might have focused on two main issues:

1) Can we have economic growth without growth in energy availability? The vast majority of economists of every political stripe hold we cannot.

2) Do we have an adequate base of experience to judge the safety of nuclear power plants and their effects on people and the environment? The nuclear navy, which came into being in the early '50s, has provided a vast base of experience. In addition, civilian nuclear power, as I stated earlier, is a significant part of

our electric power system today. Our experience to date is that no technology or industry has a finer safety record. It just happens to be perfect.

Francis P. Cotter
Vice President,
Government Affairs
Westinghouse Electric Corp.

Bold Face Lines

To the editors:

It struck me as rather ironic that in "Ethics Gulf" (TNR, May 31, 1975), every line that mentioned Richard Barnet and Ronald Müller and their book was in slightly darker print than the rest of the article. Is there another explanation than an "ethics gulf" on the part of TNR?

Mark Donahue
Eugene, Ore.

In reply:

The bold lines you noticed were the result of a mechanical problem at our typesetter. At the last minute we had to get lines needing correction reset in another shop and they came out darker.

The editors

The Hardest Hit

To the editors:

Regarding William Lucy's hypothesis ("Blacks Out of Jobs," TNR, May 17) that blacks have been hit hardest by the current recession, in terms of unemployment rates, a call to the Bureau of Labor Statistics will verify that the ratio of black-to-white unemployment has fallen to 1.7-to-1 from 2-to-1 a year ago (and during most "booms"). Unemployment rates have also risen less in designated poverty areas, though the rates remain higher there throughout the political cycle because the net reward from available labor income barely exceeds tax-free benefits from not working.

Repetition of slogans should not substitute for facts, or we'll never make progress toward understanding events well enough to fix things.

Alan Reynolds
Contributing Editor
National Review

In reply:

Alan Reynolds writes that a quick call to the BLS will refute my hypothesis, and indeed BLS two months ago reported that white males are hardest hit by the recession. But a few days later they retracted the conclusion and admitted what any ghetto youngster could have told them—hard times are hardest for traditional victims of discrimination. As for Mr. Reynolds' claim that lavish unemployment benefits are the root cause of joblessness, unemployment compensation is from \$50 to \$65 a week for low-wage workers in most states, and I wonder if even the folks at *National Review* think that's too generous.

William Lucy

Kauffmann, from page 20

either by failing or by aging. The border between psychic needs and creative impulse is always fuzzy; and this show makes clear that most of these people are here, have suffered to get here, are suffering to stay, at least as much out of hatred of their pasts and past selves and the glare of daylight as out of their love of dancing and the theater.

None of this is startling or deep, some of it is show-biz corn, but most of it is authentic, even some of the corn. And almost all of it is well done. Carole Bishop as an aging dancer, Priscilla Lopez as a cockily clearheaded Puerto Rican, Sammy Williams with a risky sentimental scene about a homosexual who has finally been acknowledged by his parents, are outstanding. The low point is a plotty scene between the director and his ex-girl, who was almost a star and now needs a chorus job, but Donna McKechnie dances the part with dazzle.

Bennett's problem with these successive "case histories" was variety of presentation, which he handled so well that we're never conscious of the problem. Hamlish's music, though there are no hummable tunes, is sculpted to its occasions neatly and danceably. And there is an ironic payoff. In the latter part of the show (two hours plus, no intermission) the dancers learn a number from the new show for which they're trying out. For the curtain call of *A Chorus Line* all 17 come out in the new show's costumes and do that new number. The costumes are pure Busby

Berkeley; the song is peppily inane. This, Bennett and friends seem to be saying, is what these people were dying to get into, what they have trained for.

So *A Chorus Line* is the result of a Broadway institution going to Off Broadway to examine itself, using Off Broadway methods to do it (whether or not Bennett saw the Open Theater), and finding some futility to report. The irony is compounded because this show, a smash success, will move up to Broadway in July. Well, the successful move of *Candide* from Off Broadway to a huge big-time house proved that there was big money in unconventional staging of conventional material. Now this good new musical, made by a process absolutely antithetical to big-time procedures, is going up to be a big-time success. It's no news that commerce feeds on art, but the joke here is that this show, which fundamentally tells us how sterile the whole Broadway business is, is going up to help sustain it.

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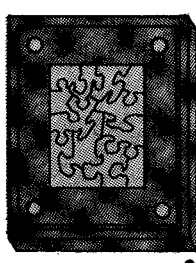
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